HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXV.—No. 1256.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1881. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS.
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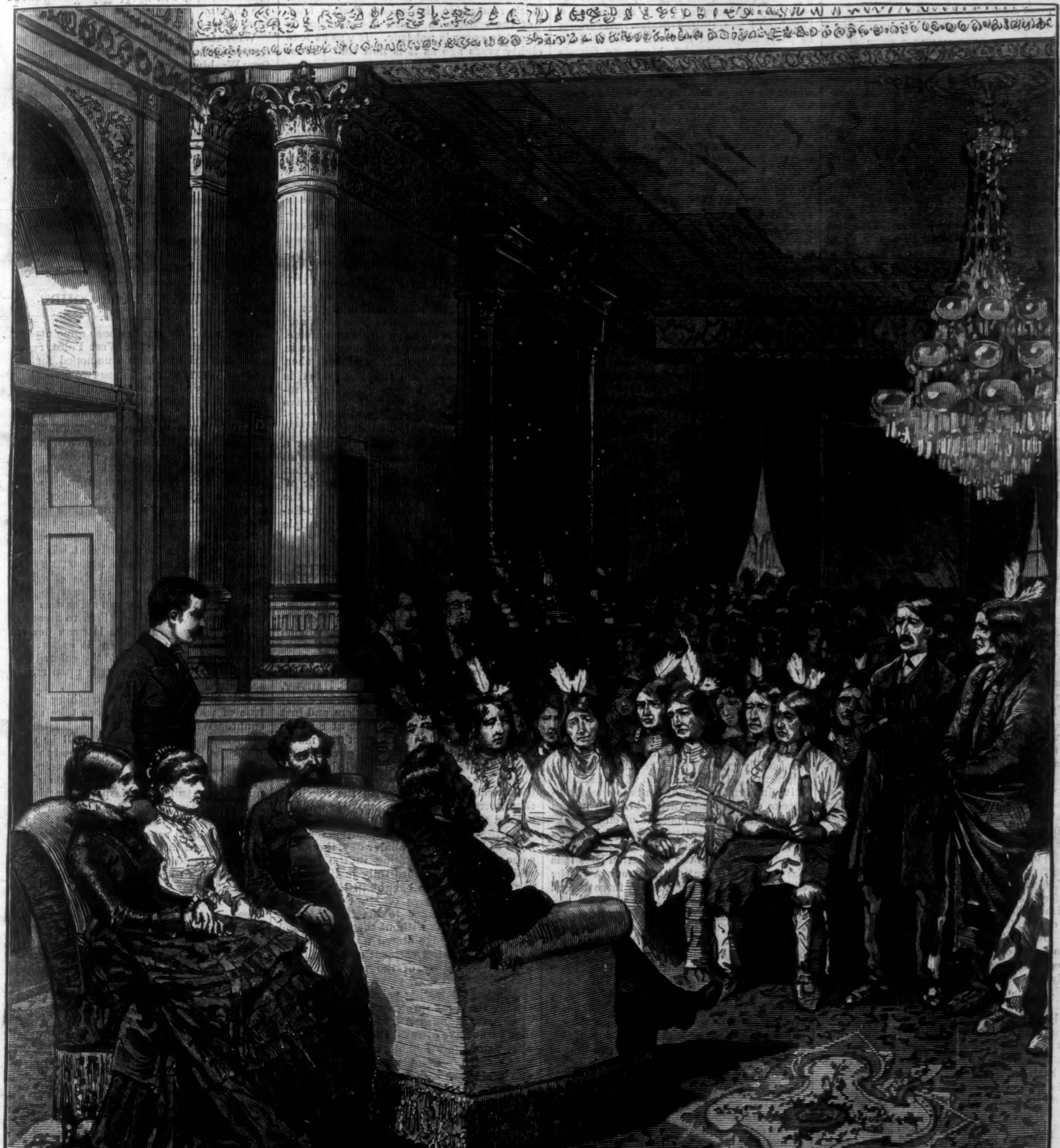

A "POWWOW" AT THE WHITE HOUSE.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. M. ROUZEE.—[SEE PAGE 55.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, January 22, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

No. 63 of Harper's Young People, *issued January 11, contains a beautiful front-page engraving of* John Milton *when a boy, and a short sketch of his life; "The Messenger Boys at the Capitol," by* Harriet Prescott Spofford; *Chapter Five of "Toby Tyler," illustrated; Part I. of "The Young Tin-Typers," an article explaining simply, but in detail, how to take tin-types at home, illustrated; "Wild Birds in the Country," with a midwinter illustration; Chapter Five of "Mildred's Bargain," a story for girls, illustrated, "The Two Bears," a fable, illustrated; a full page of "Jingles," by* Louise Chandler Moulton, *illustrated by* Mrs. Jessie Curtis Shepherd; *and many other attractions.*

THE PRESIDENT-ELECT.

The New York *Tribune* recently made this important statement: "It is proper to say, further, that the incoming Administration will see to it that the men from New York and from other States who had the courage at Chicago to obey the wishes of their districts in the balloting for President, and who thus finally voted for Garfield, shall not suffer for it nor lose by it. They will not fail of honorable recognition for their independence, their courage, their resolute pursuit of the policy they believed best for the Republican party and for the country." This is so obviously sound, upon any recognized principle or tradition of party action, that it is undoubtedly true, and as it has been widely asserted that the new President proposed to regard those who did not favor his nomination as especially his friends, we are glad to see the announcement made with a certain air of authority. There has been an amusing attempt to make it appear that the "306," the number of the minority at Chicago, are somehow distinctively the Republican party, and that the majority which nominated the President is an ill-conditioned body of malignant soreheads, if not traitors. It has been part of the same plan to insist that the Administration would be controlled by the leaders of the 306. But when it has been asked why a President should intrust the direction of his administration exclusively to the minority which opposed his nomination, the reply has been that except for their support he would not have been elected. Undoubtedly; but *a fortiori*, if the candidate of the majority could not have been elected without the support of the minority, the candidate of the minority would have been still more overwhelmingly defeated without the support of the majority. That is a Silly-Billy kind of reasoning. When a party candidate is nominated by a majority in a party Convention, against a minority united upon one candidate, it is demonstrated that the minority does not represent the party preference or purpose.

By the same common-sense view, if the candidate of the majority should be elected, he would naturally look to that majority for the controlling influences of his administration. Undoubtedly, as the *Tribune* says, the administration of President Garfield is to be an administration for the whole Republican party, and "will foment no quarrels." Certainly if the new President wished to foment quarrels, it could be done in no way so surely as by abandoning the support of the majority which nominated him, to secure that of the minority which prided itself, even during the campaign, upon its preference for another candidate. Its right to its choice, and to its ardent support of its choice, is indisputable. Nobody denies it. But the assumption that the President, who became President by its defeat, would of course recognize the minority as peculiarly the party, is evidence of what is familiarly known as colossal cheek. It is said, and we trust truly, that President Garfield will not take up any of the quarrels of President Hayes—if any such exist—especially in the State of New York, and with Senator Conkling. If, however, there be any quarrel between the President and the Senator, it is certainly not the President's quarrel. From the beginning of the present administration the Senator has constantly, ostentatiously, offensively, proclaimed his profound contempt for it. If the President has made any derogatory remarks concerning the Senator, or has failed to treat him with perfect courtesy, the facts have not come to our knowledge. President Hayes is at least a gentleman, even in politics. As President, he desired certain changes in the Executive department which the Senator strenuously opposed. But nominations to subordinate national offices in New York, or in any other State, are given by the law to the President, not to the Senator; and if the President should be of opinion that changes are desirable for the public welfare, which changes the Senator does not approve, the President's persistence in his own view can not be called a quarrel with the Senator, unless the offices are the Senator's property, or appointment to them his right.

We have heard, indeed, from time to time, of the President's "war" upon the Senator, because the President thought fit to make nominations which the Senator did not approve. It is to be expected, therefore, that if President Garfield should make similar nominations, we shall hear of the "war" which he also has begun upon the Senator. The irresistible conclusion from this kind of talk is that to do what the Senator does not wish is to make "war" upon him. We trust that those who hold this view do the Senator injustice. It would be a natural strain of remark about a spoiled child in the nursery, but it is exceedingly unbecoming when applied to a Senator of the United States. According to party usage and reason, President Garfield will advise with his party friends who are especially in sympathy with him. Mr. Conkling or any other Republican would do the same were any of them President. Mr. Cornell has pursued this course as Governor. He has not sought his counsellors among the minority in the Convention that nominated him. Had General Grant been nominated and elected, it is not to be supposed that he would have ostracized Mr. Conkling, Mr. Cameron, Mr. Logan, and their friends, and have intrusted his administration to the friends of Mr. Sherman and Mr. Blaine and Mr. Edmunds, and it is a very silly supposition that President Garfield will not take a similar course. He will certainly not quarrel any more than President Hayes has quarrelled. He will not, we presume, "ostracize" any eminent Republican representative. Still less, however, will he "surrender" to those Republicans who resisted and deplored his nomination. As President, it may be supposed that he will rely upon his own judgment and upon his own friends. President Hayes has not suffered, although some Republicans have steadily opposed and maligned him. President Garfield will not suffer, unless, to gain the favor of those who have opposed President Hayes, he forgets the great interests of the country and of his party. He is not a tyro in politics, and he understands that no public man loses by knowing his friends and holding to them.

SENATORIAL ELECTIONS.

Every political observer will have remarked that the elections of United States Senators which take place in January of this year have excited more interest than any similar elections have ever aroused. This interest, however, will not be limited to the elections of this year. It will attend all such elections more and more, and it is due to the fact that the Senatorship of a State has become a political prize only inferior to that of the Presidency. The reason of this is that the Senate has absorbed powers which were not contemplated by the Constitution, and under the clause which requires its advice and consent to certain nominations, it has largely grasped the Executive appointing power. The association with the Executive in certain appointments is one of the checks of the Constitution, but the usages of the Senate have made it often a checkmate of the Executive. The explanation of the immense value now attached to the Senatorial office is the conviction that it is the fountain of national patronage in the State, and that the Senator, by force of that patronage, becomes the local political dictator. Under our political system, a Senator should be selected because of an intellectual superiority and political genius which give him a natural leadership. But the system of patronage and organization founded upon patronage does not produce leaders like Clay and Webster and Calhoun, but bosses, or heads of regiments of political henchmen and stipendiaries.

As a consequence and illustration of this situation, it will have been observed that in some of the States where Senatorial elections have been pending, the sole question has been, not what able and independent party representative and leader shall be selected, but what candidate does the head of the machine, or "boss," prefer? The will of one man, to whom his office gives illicit power, not the welfare of the party or of the country, is in such cases the controlling consideration. As a necessary consequence, the politics of that State become wholly personal. The pivot is always the favor of the boss; and as the power of patronage is enormous, the favor of the dictator becomes more and more the condition of political success, and of the gratification of legitimate political ambition. This, again, tends to extrude self-respecting and able men from active and official political life, and to place in high office men whose abilities and standing do not designate them for such trusts. It begets, also, every kind of mean and miserable intrigue and bargain, and is a perpetual cheapening and degrading of politics. Still more, it tends to commit the political initiative and management of parties to bands of mercenaries and camp-followers, flattery and purchase of whom become the essential conditions of success. "It is generally true," says Mr. Webster, "that he who controls another man's means of living, controls his will," and he said it in view of the first signs of the system which, culminating in the Senate, has now become so wide-spread and so degrading.

It is no answer to such statements to say, as the attorneys of Tweed used to say in his conventions, that there must be organization, and that organizations must have heads, and discipline among the members. With reasonable limitations, that is true. But the conclusion which the assertion is meant to cover is not true. It was as true eighty years ago as it is now that parties must be organized, and that organization implies subordination. But it is not true that at that time patronage was the basis of organization. When Jefferson was President, he had the power of appointment to less than a thousand offices, as he himself said, and he refused to make them the means of punishing his opponents. Even his biographer Randall admits that there was then a general conviction that the tenure was good behavior. Jefferson made some removals, and he appointed his political friends. But there was no "clean sweep," no assessment, no fear of dismissal except for delinquency, or for inordinate political activity and zeal. In a word, the spoils system, as the basis of national party organization, was unknown, although there was a faction strenuously contending for it, and in the State politics of New York and Pennsylvania the spoils system was supreme. Yet national parties were quite as bitter in feeling and as thoroughly organized then as now. The assertion that the system is indispensable to such organization is, therefore, untrue; while, even if it had always been true, the consequences which have resulted from it, since it has increased and developed, are conclusive arguments for a change. There are sound and unsound principles of party organization, and that which makes the election of a Senator of the United States practically turn upon the will of one man is as unsound and un-Republican and un-American as any principle can be.

OFFICIAL RECORDS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

The government has begun the publication of the official records of the war on file in the departments, and the first volume contains the documents in regard to the operations around Fort Sumter. They are full of interest in many ways. It appears from these records that James E. Harvey, as has been always supposed, was an agent in Washington of the rebel leaders, and just before the opening of the war at Sumter, he kept them fully informed of the movements and intentions of the government. The sources of Harvey's knowledge of the government counsels are not given, but of his thorough sympathy with the rebellion there seems to be no question. He was afterward appointed by Mr. Lincoln Minister to Portugal, and upon a proposition for payment of his salary, at a later day, there was some very plain speaking in the Senate, which these dispatches fully justify. The glimpses which are caught in this volume show the correctness of Mr. Gay's statement in the preface to his *History of the United States*, that without the intimate and detailed knowledge stored up in these records, an adequate treatment of the political and interior story of the war is impracticable.

Another interesting point of the publication is the light thrown upon the position of General Robert Anderson. There are many who have always felt that his fidelity, although unquestionable, was reluctant and half-hearted. Denials have been made, and in our own columns, with corroborative evidence, but the fact of such feeling is nevertheless unquestionable. The impression may have been due to his known deprecation of civil war, which certainly does not of itself imply any want of patriotism. The political feeling in military circles at the beginning of the war was in general, probably, that of West Point, and the political sympathies of West Point were neither Republican nor antislavery. Military men undoubtedly felt that the trouble was largely due to pestilent abolition fanatics, and their feeling was shared by a very large class of civilians. Moreover, soldiers are not constitutional lawyers nor political thinkers, and when the President, supported by Mr. Jeremiah Black, the Attorney-General, virtually declared forcible opposition to Secession to be unconstitutional; when Mr. Seymour, and the Tweddle Hall Convention, and the Democratic party, threw the whole responsibility of the situation upon the Republicans, it was not to be expected that officers of the army would lose impressions of the same kind derived from West Point. These things must be remembered when reading Anderson's dispatch from Fort Sumter, four or five days before the assault, in which he said, "I pray that God will avert the storm which seems impending over us, and restore amicable and permanently pacific relations between the States who still stick to the old Union, and those who have formed another Confederacy in the South." The Democratic party was not a school of patriotism, as the event showed. But although the political influences that had long swayed military circles were unfavorable, it will never be forgotten that the chief military names of the Union army were those of West-Pointers.

Wigfall, the Senator from Texas, who figured in the attack on Sumter, telegraphed from Washington immediately upon hearing President Lincoln's inaugural address, "Inaugural means war." He felt that the pathos of its patriotic appeal was not the spirit of weakness, but of profound conviction and solemn resolution. The day of compromise had passed like sand, and, in Mr. Seward's phrase, the feet of the President took hold of the rock of the Constitution. The publication of these records is timely and wise. It is not desirable that the disposition "to let by-gones be by-gones" should cloud the national memory of the tremendous civil war, and of the relation to it of parties and of persons. It is not by forgetting the past that we can best deal with the present.

THE WHITTAKER COURT-MARTIAL.

General Howard has been appointed to the Superintendency of West Point, and a court-martial has been summoned for the trial of Whittaker. These two facts show very clearly that the Administration was not satisfied that Whittaker had had fair play. This impression was widely diffused, and it was not removed by General Schofield's report, the tone of which was that of ill-concealed indignation with the policy of equal rights at West Point. We do not mean that the General used language which could be verbally cited to this effect. But it certainly seems to us impossible to read the document without perceiving the old, bitter, aristocratic prejudice which was so long associated with West Point. It is undoubtedly true, as General Schofield says, that social preferences and the choice of friendly companionships can not be controlled by law. No law can make men fond of each other, or compel them to associate upon friendly terms. No law can destroy the distaste of race, where it exists. No law can force the white and the colored people in this country to mingle upon unconsciously equal terms.

All this is true. But something else is true of which these assertions take no account. When a nation has decided that in a national institution there shall be absolute equality of right in all things to which the national authority properly extends, it is possible to place the institution either under a control which is perfectly friendly to that policy, or under a direction which acquiesces in it because it can not help itself, but which regards the policy itself as fanatical and moon-struck folly. It is evident that, under the first, there will be a disposition to secure fair play, which will of itself go far to secure it; and under the second, a feeling that every protest and outbreak against the established order is precisely what might be expected. At a school like West Point, if there be a prejudice among the pupils against the equal association in a public school of white and colored students, and this prejudice is known to the pupils to be shared by the authorities of the school, the condition of the students against whom the prejudice lies will be very much more uncomfortable, and demonstrations of the prejudice will be very much more probable, than if it be known that the authorities heartily and honestly despise the prejudice. It is possible, of course, that a homœopathic hospital may be administered according to the principles of that school by allopathic managers, but if the trustees would secure that result beyond question, they would place it in homœopathic hands.

In regard to Whittaker, there is no doubt that the evidence seemed to be very unfavorable to him; but there is no doubt, also, of a general feeling that the atmosphere of the court was unfriendly. General Schofield declared his own impressions plainly at the outset, and they were very hostile to WHITTAKER. The gentlemen who compose the new court are beyond suspicion and reproach. We certainly intend no insinuation against the first board of inquiry; and if their conclusion is confirmed by the present board, there will be no further question. There can be no valid objection against a trial conducted with all the authority of a court in a case of which the preliminary inquiry was far from satisfactory to many minds. Meanwhile, whatever the final judgment upon this case may be, the spirit disclosed by General SCHOFIELD'S letter and report, and by the work of the colored cadet FLIPPER describing his residence at West Point, and by all that is known of the state of things at the school, is such that if the country really intends that the kind of equality which it has guaranteed shall be maintained at West Point—by which, we repeat, we do not mean the regulation of social preferences and companionship—the change of superintendency which has been made is most desirable and commendable.

NEW YORK POLITICS.

THE annual session of the New York Legislature has opened quietly upon the surface, although the pending election of a Senator of the United States makes a profound and universal excitement among the members. Governor CORNELL'S Message is a plain statement of the situation of the various State interests and institutions. The revenues have added $600,000 to the Sinking Fund, and there is a surplus larger by $250,000 than at the end of the last fiscal year. The rate of the tax levy for the current year is 3½ mills, as against 2$\frac{863}{1000}$ mills for the previous year. This increase is necessitated by the appropriation of $1,600,000 for the new Capitol. Contemplating the wasting expenditure upon that structure, the exhortation of the Governor to make sure of its security, and the general discontent with it, ex-Governor ROBINSON must smile more grimly than ever. The Governor still favors a revision of the laws for assessment of property as a basis of taxation, and he urges stability and uniformity in railroad freight tariffs. His recommendations of last year about jails and poorhouses are firmly repeated, and he favors legislation respecting the abandoned canals, and the possible divergence of canal traffic. The Message is free from political argument or allusion, and is a simple business document.

The Assembly was organized by the election of General GEORGE H. SHARPE as Speaker. General SHARPE was an acceptable Speaker last year, and is one of the cleverest of the leaders who are known as "the machine," the Republican successors of the old Democratic Regency. Speaker SHARPE is a "college man": he was on General GRANT'S staff during the war, and he has been United States Marshal of this district, and Surveyor of the Port. He is a forcible and excellent campaign speaker, and we presume he is bent upon political promotion. In the inner politics of the State, and among the sections of the machine, he is an "ARTHUR man" rather than a "CORNELL man," and in the pending Senatorial contest his preference is supposed to be Mr. CROWLEY.

The election of Senator was conceded at the adjournment of the Legislature, after organization, to be in the power of the anti-machine Republicans if they can unite upon a candidate. They have certainly no reason to be ashamed of the three gentlemen mentioned upon their side, Messrs. WHEELER, ROGERS, and DEPEW, as against the machine three, Messrs. PLATT, CROWLEY, and MORTON. The position itself is a great triumph of anti-machine Republicanism. Two years ago, Senator CONKLING was re-elected unanimously. His Republican opponents now command the situation. Their successful union would be a famous victory for the Republicanism which, while perfectly loyal to Republican principles and purposes, maintains a manly independence, and disdains the machine ball and chain. But even defeat would show a minority so imposing that success would be but a question of courage and time.

WASTE LANDS IN IRELAND.

ONE of the anticipated propositions of legislation for Ireland is waste land reclamation, which is exceedingly important in view of the reported acknowledgment of Mr. PARNELL that there is an excess of population in certain parts of the country. That, however, is not the opinion of Mr. LECKY, whose opinions are entitled to the greatest weight. Five years ago he said that the emigration following the famine of 1846 had, with the famine, reduced the population from eight millions to less than five, and that it was in no degree in excess of the means of subsistence. The famine of last year, with its consequences, has not increased the population; and Mr. FAWCETT stated at the time when Mr. LECKY wrote, that while paupers were in England as one to twenty and in Scotland as one to twenty-three of the population, they were in Ireland as only one to seventy-four. Yet in 1842 the Irish Poor-law Report, as THACKERAY says in his *Irish Sketch-Book*, asserted that there were 1,200,000, or a sixth of the population, who had no means of livelihood but charity.

In a country without manufactures, and where this is the shifting situation, the land question is of vital importance, and if waste lands can be economically reclaimed, there should be no delay. There is a Royal Commission on Agriculture making inquiries, and in the mean time Mr. McCARTHY and others are discussing the question. There are about 20,000,000 of acres in Ireland, and these gentlemen say that about 4,600,000, or more than one-fifth, is left unproductive through the neglect of the government.

But the London *Times* points out that of the 47,000,000 of acres in Great Britain, not more than 32,000,000 are productive, and that there are enormous tracts in Ireland as incapable of remunerative culture as the Scottish Highlands or the mountains of North Wales. But much has been done to reclaim Irish lands. In 1841 the census returned 6,295,735 acres as uncultivated. In 1844 Sir RICHARD GRIFFITH (who made the "Griffith Valuation" in 1825 for purposes of taxation) pronounced 2,540,000 acres of the number uncultivated to be absolutely irreclaimable. Of the remainder, he thought 1,425,000 to be improvable for cultivation, and 2,330,000 for pasture. Since that time nearly one-half of the reclaimable area has been brought into pasture or cultivation. This leaves about 2,000,000 acres still reclaimable, but at an immense expense. The work might be made profitable if undertaken by private enterprise, but the situation in Ireland makes that, of course, improbable at present. The facts are interesting as showing that although very much remains to be done in Ireland, yet much also has been already accomplished.

LABOR OMNIA VINCIT.

WE have recently had brought to our notice a remarkable example of the truth of the adage that labor conquers all things.

In 1866 a young man who had been blind from his birth applied for admission to Columbia College. After passing an excellent examination, he was admitted. He took at once a good rank in scholarship, which constantly improved, till at the close of his four years' course he was adjudged worthy of delivering the Latin salutatory at Commencement, the second honor in his class. He conquered his position by the most assiduous labor, under circumstances that might have appalled even a courageous man in the possession of all his faculties. He had prepared under his direction, or prepared himself, upon card-board, in raised letters and diagrams, the text of the every-day lessons in classics and the necessary mathematical figures, such preparation often costing him three hours' labor for one lesson. With his raised letters and diagrams he could, by his delicate touch, read and demonstrate with great facility. His mind was eager and incisive, and his recitations became models of clearness and accuracy. He took high rank in every study, but excelled in mathematics. Difficulties in this seemed to delight him. His fine mind and unflagging spirit never rested till all difficulties had been overcome, and he was master of the subject. After graduation, he taught private pupils, and in such intervals of leisure as he had he continued and extended his study of mathematics. Some two or three years ago, he found that the satisfactory solution of a problem upon which he was engaged required a knowledge of the calculus of variations—an abstruse branch, to which he had paid little or no attention. He immediately, *suo more*, began a thorough investigation. He gathered, by purchase and from private and college libraries, all that was to be had upon the subject. He found that nothing of importance concerning it had ever been published by an American author; that the only systematic work upon it that ever appeared in English, published in England thirty years ago, was out of print, very difficult to obtain, and that since its publication the subject had been greatly extended and improved by the labors of English, French, and German mathematicians; that the results of these labors were inaccessible to the general reader, being contained in communications to mathematical journals and learned societies, or in certain special works. He thereupon undertook the preparation of a treatise which should present in a simple manner every thing at present known concerning this branch of mathematics. He knew nothing of the French and German languages; he had translated to him, often by people who could simply translate the words and not the sense to him, the French and German essays; and thus, in physical darkness, but in the clear light of his own mind, he wrought simplicity out of complexity. The only amanuensis accessible to him was a person ignorant of mathematics, which increased the embarrassment under which he labored. To this amanuensis he dictated his work, which is now completed, and is believed to be the only thorough, simple, and systematic treatise on the subject in the English or, perhaps, in any other language. The name of this work, which would be a credit to any man, and which, under the circumstances, is simply marvellous, is *A Treatise on the Calculus of Variations*, by LEWIS B. CARLL, of Flushing, Queens County, New York.

He has one more difficulty to overcome in connection with it, and that is in its publication. His publisher* requires subscriptions for 300 copies before he will undertake it, and these Mr. CARLL, besides giving away his labor of years, has courageously undertaken to procure. There can be no doubt that he will succeed, for surely labor, properly directed, conquers all things.

A LETTER FROM CHARLES READE.

FEW living English writers are more popular in the United States than CHARLES READE. Not only have his books entertained and delighted thousands of readers, but his trenchant pen has long been the foe of wrong and injustice. The following letter, therefore, about the slips from the famous mulberry-tree at Stratford-upon-Avon, which were recently sent to this country, will be read with pleasure:

SHAKESPEARE'S MULBERRY-TREE.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—The authorities at Stratford-upon-Avon are often applied to for slips from this tree, but they always decline. Nevertheless, a fair country-woman of yours, Miss CLARA BELDEN, succeeded in obtaining some for an international and worthy purpose. Two solutions offer themselves: the good people in Warwickshire may be able to discriminate, or your ladies may be as irresistible as your soldiers and ships. Choose which you like of these two inferences. Miss BELDEN did me the honor to ask me to send these slips out to the United States, she herself being in Paris when they were cut. I sent them accordingly to the Mayor of New York. Some very kind remarks have been made on this business, but too much importance is given to my share in it. Therefore I feel bound to explain. It certainly was a most happy thought of Miss BELDEN'S, and I am quite content with the honor of being her agent in so pretty a thing.

I am yours, respectfully, CHARLES READE.

A PORTRAIT OF MRS. HAYES.

THE Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Delaware, Ohio, propose to receive subscriptions for a life-size portrait of Mrs. HAYES, with suitable accessories and inscriptions, to be hung upon the walls of the White House as a memorial of her "temperance" principles and practice. Among the commissioners are the names of Bishop SIMPSON and Bishop JAGGAR, Mrs. STANLEY MATTHEWS, NEAL DOW, and FRANCIS MURPHY.

There have been much comment and criticism upon the course of Mrs. HAYES in the exclusion of wine from the White House table at official dinners, but there is no difference of opinion as to the grace and dignity with which she has discharged the social duties imposed upon her as the wife of the President. A fine portrait would be a pleasing and most becoming memorial. But we should advise the omission of inscriptions and symbols. Such a picture would tell its own story, and what is sought to be preserved by inscriptions would be much more effectively accomplished by tradition.

We understand that Mr. HUNTINGTON, the president of the National Academy of Design, is already at work upon the portrait.

EPES SARGENT.

THE late EPES SARGENT was one of the most kindly of men and of authors, and his excellent literary service extended over many years. There were few kinds of literary work that he had not done, and done well. As editor of the Boston *Transcript*, and author of the *Life of Henry Clay*, and the drama of *Velasco*, and of the familiar and popular song, "A Life on the Ocean Wave," he was very successful. He published novels also, and volumes of verse, and his skill as a compiler of school-books was conceded. In later years he was the most eminent professional man of letters who was deeply interested in the phenomena called "spiritualism," and he published several works upon the subject, and was a very active proselyte.

Mr. SARGENT was a man of singular sweetness of nature and amiability of manner. He differed without acrimony, and he maintained his own convictions with a gentle firmness which, without yielding the point in dispute, did not alienate the disputant. His literary tastes were refined and sound, and he was remarkably familiar with the whole range of the poetry of the English tongue. Not long before his death he had completed a cyclopædia of English and American poetry, which the HARPERS will publish. It is a library of the most famous and excellent literature of that kind, and it will be undoubtedly the editor's chief literary title to remembrance.

For many years Mr. SARGENT has lived in Boston, quietly engaged in his work, and his name was so seldom mentioned that he was thought by many to have died long ago. But the sad news which announces the end of this blameless and busy life has been received on all sides with a very sincere and tender expression of sorrow and kind remembrance.

PERSONAL.

CINCINNATI has several well-to-do people, although forty years ago she had but three who counted their fortunes by millions. These were NICHOLAS LONGWORTH, who died in 1862, leaving about $10,000,000, and JACOB BURNETT and JAMES FERGUSON, who died in 1853, each leaving about $2,000,000. Of the opulent people now residents of Cincinnati, DAVID SINTON is said to be worth $10,000,000; G. H. SHOENBERGER, $5,000,000; A. D. BREED, $5,000,000; estate of JAMES W. GOFF, $6,000,000; estate of OLIVER PERIN, $5,000,000; R. R. SPRINGER, $5,000,000; JOSEPH LONGWORTH, $5,000,000; estate of S. N. PIKE, $3,000,000; EMORY BROTHERS, $3,000,000; A. D. BULLOCK, CHARLES and JOHN KILGOUR, W. P. HULBURT, SAMUEL FOSDICK, WILLIAM S. GROESBECK, JACOB SEASONGOOD, FRIEBERG & WORKUM, JOHN SHILLITO'S estate, TIMOTHY KIRBY'S estate, ROBERT MITCHELL, S. M. BARRETT, R. B. BOWLER'S estate, SAMUEL WIGGINS'S estate, Judge D. K. ESTE'S estate, J. C. SHORT'S estate, General JAMES TAYLOR'S estate, and R. B. HOPPLE are each worth $2,000,000, while the list of single millionaires is too numerous to mention.

—Writing of George Eliot, the *Pall Mall Gazette* (probably written by its editor, JOHN MORLEY) says that "those who knew her well were aware how the best qualities of her work sprang from the reality and depth of her interest in human life. It was this noble concern in the strangely woven destinies of men and women, in the irony of character, in the tragi-comedy of circumstance, which gave to her conversation a nobility and impressiveness which will remain among the cherished memories of all who enjoyed it. The glow of the eye, the melodious earnestness of the voice, the sympathy of accost, added a charm of their own. The beneficence of her spirit was untainted by any element of the sentimental. From that she was preserved both by a vigorous and alert sense of humor, and, still more, by a reasoned knowledge of the chain of inexorable forces which make human beings and human life what they are. It has often been said that her books are deeply tinged with melancholy, and it is true that they are so. One of her most constant thoughts turned on the waste of force in the world."

—Alluding to the article in the January number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE on Mr. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, the London *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "The uncouth dialect and rich humor of Hosea Biglow can not conceal a spirit 'as pure as the Gospels, and as uncompromising as the early Church.' Fully to appreciate Mr. LOWELL'S poems, it is necessary to read them in circumstances similar to those in which they were written, in the midst of contests waged against enormous odds for humanity and for truth. The more intensely earnest a man is in battling against triumphant wrong, the more helpful will he find the verses of the high-souled poet who is now Minister of the United States at the Court of St. James."

—Mr. JAMES GORDON BENNETT has given $10,000 toward the fund for the approaching races at Pau. Mr. BENNETT is now at Pau, where he will remain during the season, having been appointed Master of the Hounds. We have nothing of that kind in this country, but at Pau, as in other places in Europe, it is a position of much social importance, demanding familiarity and experience with coursing, and an income adequate to large and constant hospitality.

—The London *Academy*—high literary authority—speaking of Mr. ROLFE'S books, says: "The untiring Mr. WILLIAM J. ROLFE, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, has turned for a time from SHAKSPEARE to GRAY and GOLDSMITH, and has just issued two separate volumes of annotated 'Select Poems' by each author, with many pretty woodcuts from BIRKET FOSTER, Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, etc..... Mr. ROLFE, or his publishers (HARPER & BROTHERS), must have an eye to ladies' colleges and schools, from the pretty get-up of these books; but Mr. ROLFE'S notes are thoroughly business-like and scholarly, and admirably full, though concise."

—It is said that Mr. VANDERBILT favors Signor CAMPANINI as the director of the new opera-house, and that the brilliant tenor has the matter under consideration. CAMPANINI is understood to have invested about $25,000 of his earnings, and is steadily adding to it. He knows of the hazards attending operatic management, and how rarely *impresarii* are able to realize the converse of Mr. Micawber's concise statement, "Talent I have; capital I have not." Operatic "enterprise" usually finds its experience with Mr. Micawber.

—The dinner given by Mr. PULESTON, M.P., to Mr. GOWEN, of the Reading Railroad, was noteworthy for the character of the guests. Among them were the Earl of Dunmore, Viscount BURY, Lord ASHLEY, Sir ALEXANDER GALT, Sir DRUMMOND WOLFF, Sir EDWARD REED, the Lord Mayor, Canon FARRAR, and Mr. HOPPIN, secretary of the American legation. Mr. PULESTON—the "American member," as he is pleasantly styled—is personally very popular in Parliament, where his sterling abilities and practical knowledge of affairs are deservedly appreciated.

—Mr. CORCORAN, of Washington, who has just celebrated his eighty-second birthday, is said to have given away not less than $3,000,000 in public benefactions, and $1,000,000 in private charities—about three-fourths of his fortune.

—The most remarkable feature connected with the funeral ceremonies of the late Dr. CHAPIN was the presence of the leading divines of other denominations. Twenty years ago, perhaps even ten, such a gathering could not have been witnessed. Universalism was formerly quite looked down upon, if not tabooed, by the "orthodox." It was not the truly religious thing at all. Public sentiment, however, has so far changed, and Christian liberality has so far overcome the old-time closely drawn denominational lines, that it was not surprising to see at the funeral of the greatest preacher of Universalism in the United States such men as Dr. DIX, Dr. TYNG, Dr. JOHN COTTON SMITH, Dr. MORGAN, Dr. HOWLAND, and Dr. EWER, of the Episcopal Church; Dr. JOHN HALL, Dr. W. M. TAYLOR, Dr. BEVAN, Dr. ROBINSON, Dr. HASTINGS, Dr. BURCHARD, and Dr. VINCENT, of the Presbyterian; Dr. ARMITAGE and Dr. MCARTHUR, of the Baptist; and such clergymen as Father HECKER, Dr. ORMISTON, Dr. BELLOWS, ROBERT COLLYER, Dr. NEWMAN, and Dr. GOTHEIL, a Jew. It was also a noteworthy incident that the pulpit of the deceased minister was occupied by HENRY WARD BEECHER and Dr. ARMITAGE, who bore eloquent testimony to his virtues and abilities. In all respects it was the most remarkable funeral of a clergyman that has ever taken place in New York.

—EDWIN BOOTH, whose Hamlet was received with moderate approval, has quite carried away the critics and the public by his fine delineation of Richelieu. Mr. LABOUCHERE, the editor of *Truth*, says: "In Hamlet Mr. BOOTH disappointed me, in Richelieu he surprised me. His conception and portrayal of the latter was so fine that it rose superior to the Lyttonian claptrap and nonsense that he was condemned to utter, and enforced admiration. He is at his best in the fourth act of the play, mainly because this is the best act. But in every act he was the Cardinal, and if his impersonation was the result of careful study, it was so well studied that all seemed natural. I do not think that I ever saw anything finer than when, at the end of the fourth act, he rises from his bed and comes forward with fierce and concentrated triumph. There is no overacting here, no posturing, no stagyness. After seeing him in Hamlet, I said he was a good but not a great actor; after seeing him in Richelieu, I recant, and say that he is a great as well as a good actor." The London *World* is equally complimentary. It says: "The success of Mr. BOOTH as Richelieu was indeed very great. His performance proved him to be an actor of real distinction."

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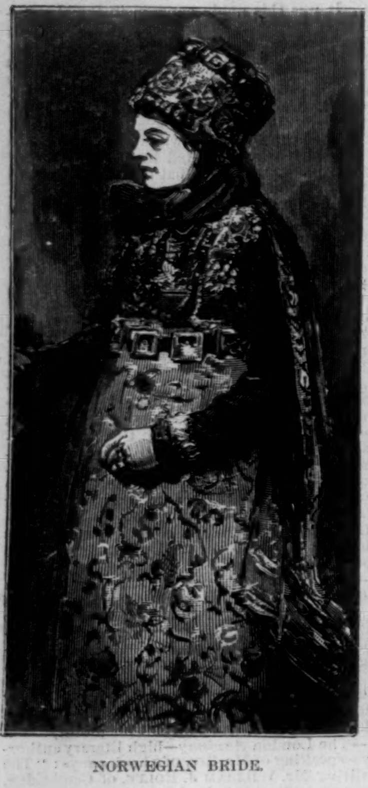
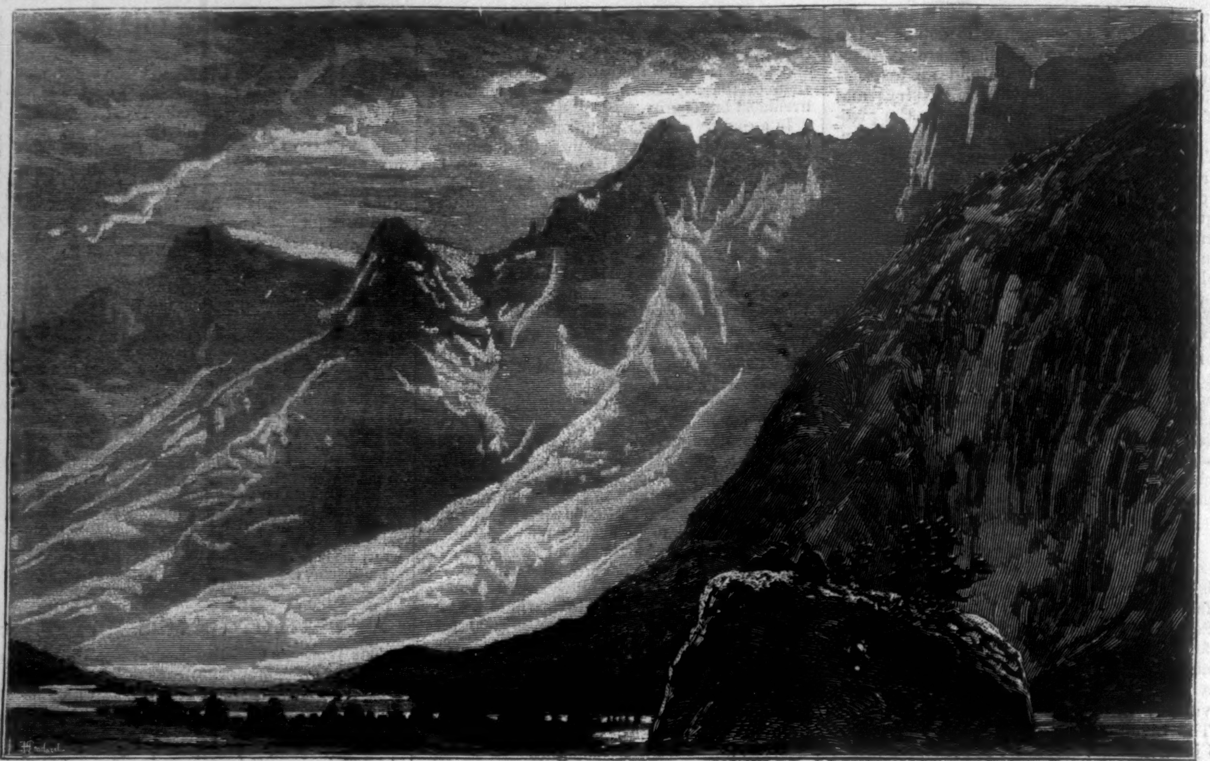
* The work will be published by D. VAN NOSTRAND, 23 Murray Street, New York city, who will give any information with regard to it that may be desired.



NORWEGIAN BRIDE.



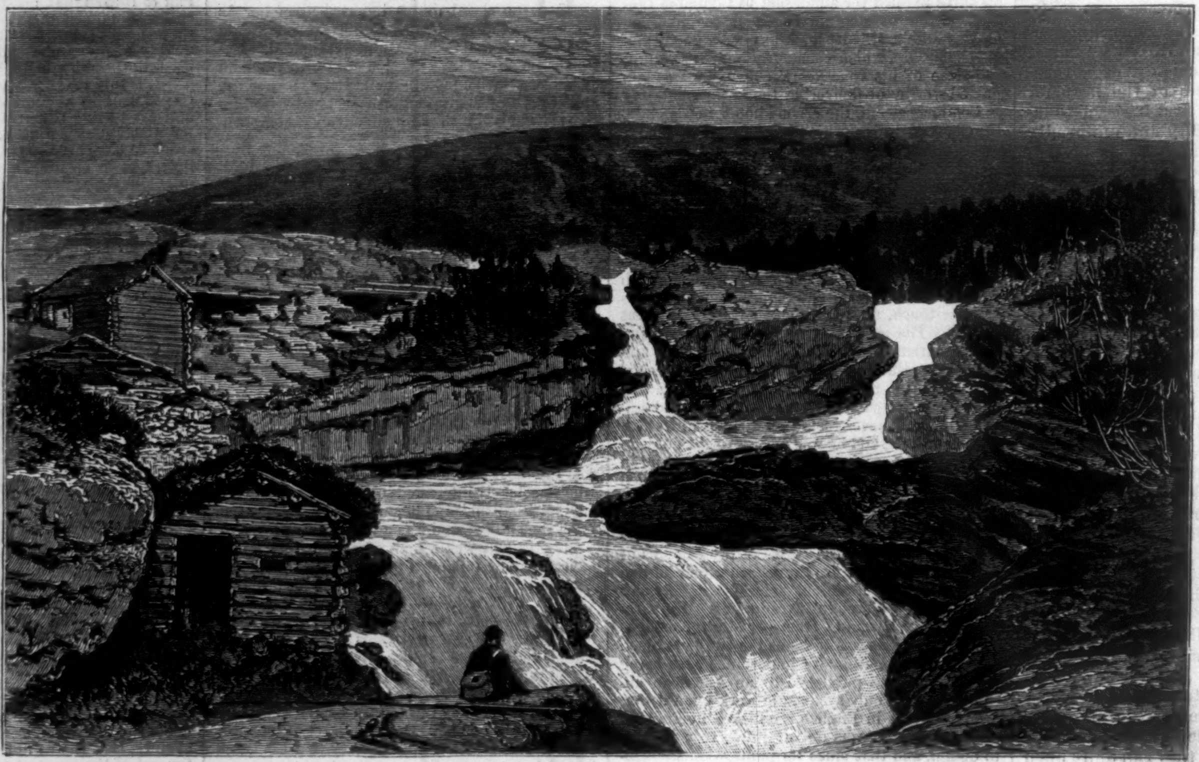
TROLDTINDERNE, ROMSDAL.

SKETCHES IN NORWAY.

THOSE who are in search of comparatively new ground for summer travel, whether with knapsack or other small luggage, would do well to try Norway—a country which has been aptly called the "father-land of waterfalls."

Although there are excellent roads in Norway, there are but few stage-coaches. Travelling is accomplished on land by cariole. A cariole is a small one-horse chaise, in which there is only room for the traveller, who has to drive himself. Luggage, if the quantity is reasonable, is strapped behind on a little ledge, on which sits the cariole boy, called the "gût." A glance at the map would lead one to suppose that there were many towns and villages in Norway, but the names to be seen are in many cases only farm-houses, which are the stations, under government regulations, where the traveller can claim accommodation, and where he can hire his cariole.

These "stations" are to be found throughout the country. The owner or landlord is generally the large farmer in the district, and in consideration of the monopoly he enjoys in the entertainment of travellers, is bound to provide, and have always in readiness, a certain number of horses and carioles for their use. The stations are generally about nine miles apart, and a definite charge is fixed by government, and that only is allowed to be made for use of horse and cariole from station to station. As a rule, very fair accommodation is to be obtained. A good sitting-room is provided for the use of guests, and the bedrooms are large and clean, and the beds comfortable. The food is not always very palatable to an American taste. Fresh meat is seldom to be obtained, and white wheaten bread never. After a long day's drive, when one's appetite has been sharpened by the keen mountain air, it is a little disappointing to find that only fish, once fresh, but now well salted, eggs not always new-laid, and some black bread and cheese, form the meal provided for you. And a curious flavor the cheeses have. Two or three sorts are generally provided, and that made from goat's milk is esteemed above all others. It is of a dark brown color, and tastes like Cheddar cheese well sweetened. It is honored by having invariably tied round it a handsome cravat, and appears at every meal—breakfast, dinner, and supper.



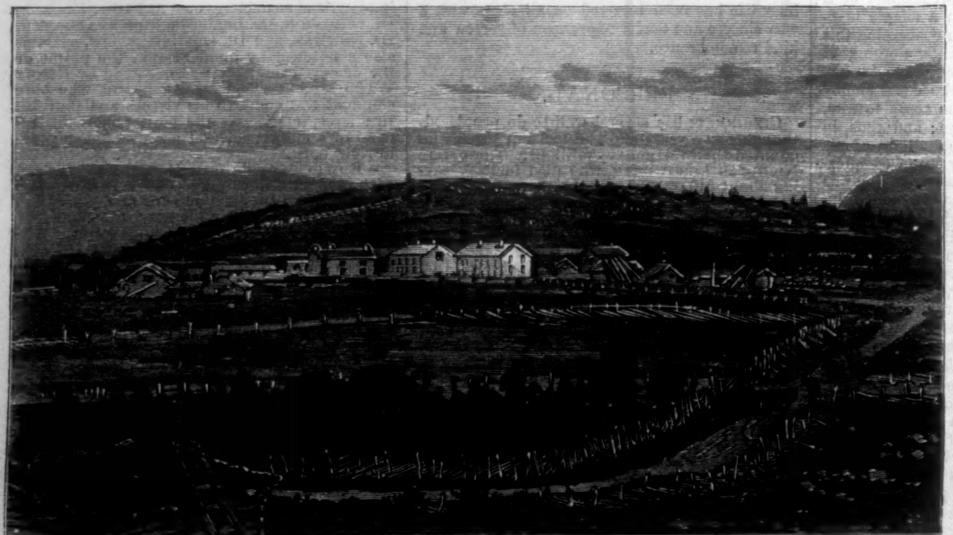
GRÖNNELV, NEAR MÖLMEN, GUDBRANDSDAL.

One word with regard to the language. In many parts, Norwegian only is spoken, and the traveller must make himself acquainted with a few sentences to get along at all. But English is sometimes understood, the guides and cariole boys picking up a little from travellers who come there for fishing or shooting. The English, however, is at times a little eccentric, and the following, copied from a notice posted in a hotel, may prove instructive and amusing:

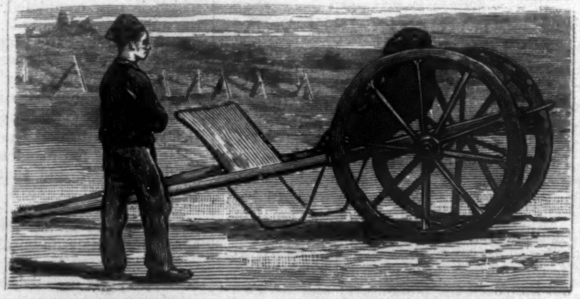
"Coaches and other vehicles recommends to the honorable traveller in the routes of Fillefjeld, etc. By many years acquaintance to the position of the roads and stations, I hope to be able to comfort the travellers in great many ways, as well as sportsmen by me can be guided to the best grounds of shooting and fishing. Certificates performs."

As to the cost of a trip in Norway, it may be said that the hotel expenses of the few towns are the same as those of good Continental hotels. In the country places, however, the expenses are very much less—a dollar and a half per day is the average charge for board and lodging. The chief item of expense is the travelling, and this may be calculated at about ten cents per English mile. If one travels on the average forty miles per day, the cost would be about three dollars and a quarter; but by walking some of the stages, the luggage being sent on by cariole, a considerable reduction may be made. Taking into account incidental expenses inseparable from travel, the cost of a journey through Norway may be set down at about five dollars per day.

The people are extremely hospitable, and tourists are certain of a most friendly reception in the villages and at country homes.

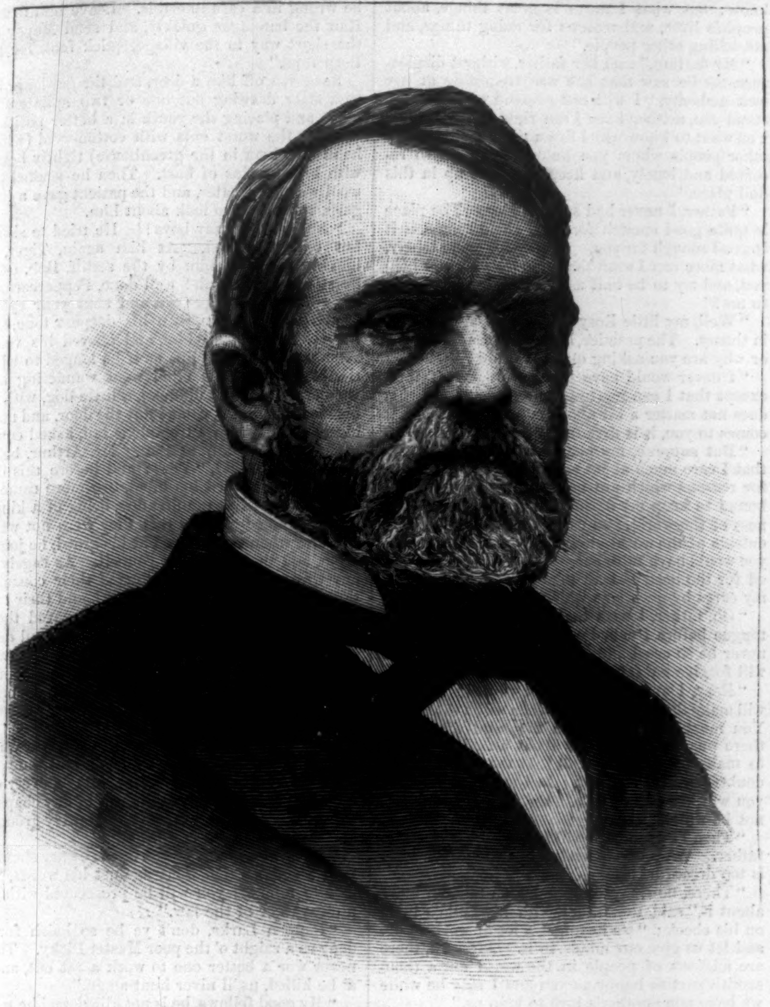


STATION DOMBAAS, GUDBRANDSDAL.

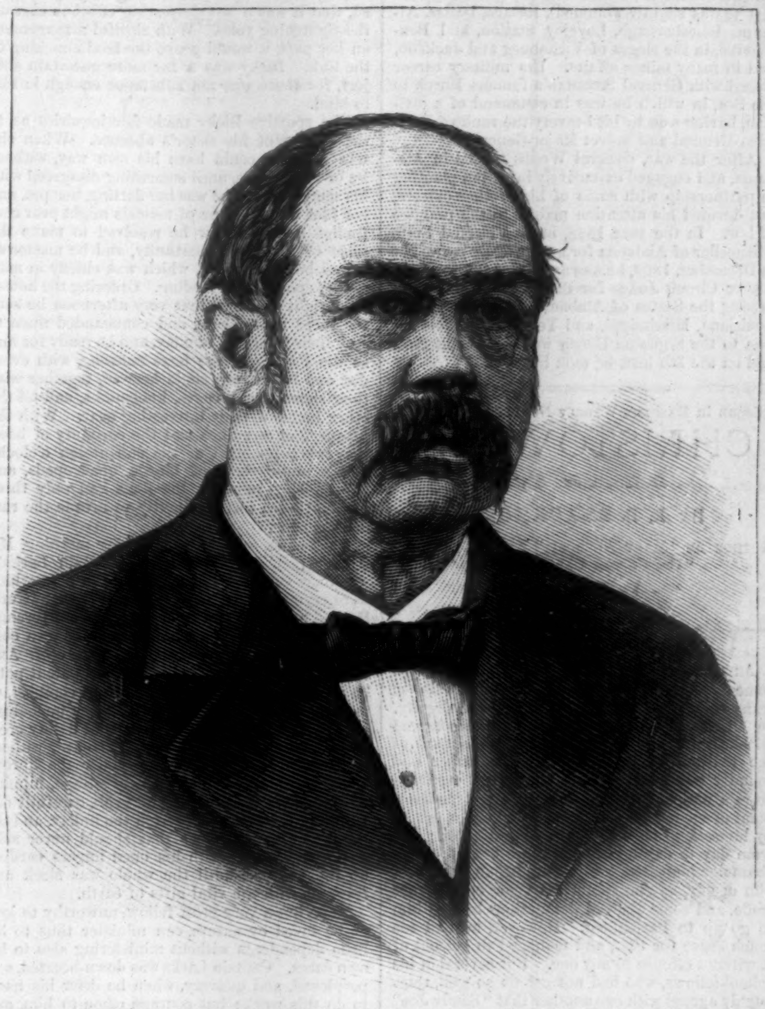


A CARIOLE

SKETCHES IN NORWAY.



THE HON. W. B. WOODS, ASSOCIATE JUSTICE U. S. SUPREME COURT.—PHOT. BY MOTES.

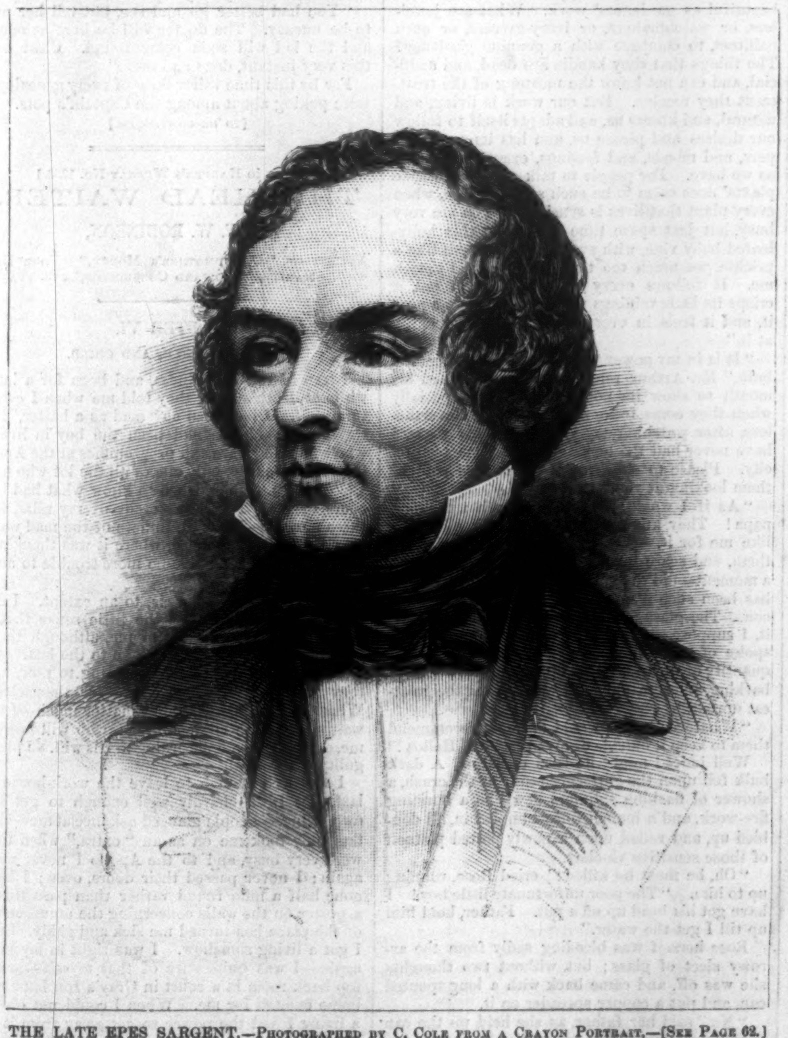


GENERAL GEORGE H. SHARPE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY NOTMAN.—[SEE PAGE 51.]

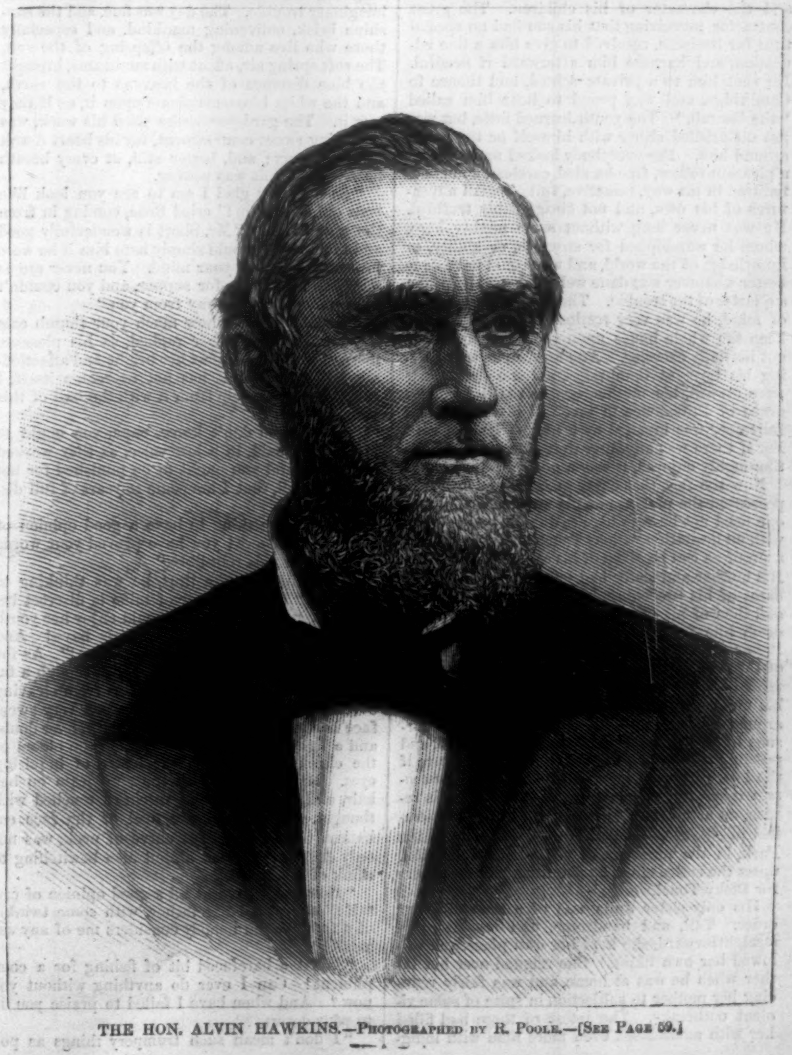
THE NEW JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT.

JUDGE WILLIAM B. WOODS, of Georgia, who has just taken the seat of Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court made vacant by the resignation of Mr. Justice STRONG, of Pennsylvania, is a native of Ohio, but for the past fifteen years he has lived in the South. He was graduated from Yale College in 1845, and two years later was admitted to the bar. Before the war he was prominent both as a lawyer and a politician. While quite a young man, he was elected to the Ohio State Legislature, where he soon became a recognized leader on the Democratic side. During the session of 1858–59, he served as Speaker of the House—a position in which his quickness, familiarity with the rules, and fairness enabled him to give great satisfaction. In the Legislature of 1860–61, he led the Democratic minority, and was a violent opponent of the early measures of Mr. LINCOLN'S administration. Even for a day or two after the firing on Fort Sumter, Mr. WOODS resisted the passage of the Million Loan Bill, the first measure by which the Ohio Legislature sought to aid the general government in getting troops in the field. He subsequently gave, however, as the reason for this resistance, that he only wished to delay action until his party could, by caucus manipulations, be brought to sustain it unanimously. Under his leadership, this result was finally accomplished. On the 18th of April he moved the passage of the bill, and signalized this change of front by an eloquent war speech. He had no heart, he said, to discuss the causes of the troubles which were upon the country. They stood on the dread threshold of civil war, and must act. The government at Washington was his government, and by it, in peace or in war, right or wrong, he would ever stand. The soil of Ohio or of the North must not be invaded. In its defense he would spend the last farthing of treasure and the last drop of blood, and, locking shields with its friends, would stand or fall by the country.

Soon afterward he entered the Union army as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Seventy-sixth Ohio Regiment, and from November, 1861, until the mustering out of SHERMAN'S army, he was in constant service, the most of the time at the front and in the command of troops. He participated in the battles of Fort Donelson, Pittsburg Landing,



THE LATE EPES SARGENT.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. COLE FROM A CRAYON PORTRAIT.—[SEE PAGE 62.]



THE HON. ALVIN HAWKINS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY R. POOLE.—[SEE PAGE 59.]

Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post (in which contest he was slightly wounded), Resaca, Dallas, Atlanta, Jonesborough, Lovejoy Station, and Bentonville, in the sieges of Vicksburg and Jackson, and in many minor affairs. His military career closed with General SHERMAN'S famous March to the Sea, in which he was in command of a division, having won by his bravery the rank of Brigadier-General and brevet Major-General.

After the war, General WOODS settled in Alabama, and engaged extensively in cotton planting in partnership with some of his brother officers, but devoted his attention mainly to the practice of law. In the year 1868, he was elected State Chancellor of Alabama for a term of six years, but in December, 1869, he was appointed by President GRANT Circuit Judge for the Fifth Circuit, comprising the States of Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Texas. His nomination to the Supreme Bench was soon confirmed, and on the 5th inst. he took his seat.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE,

AUTHOR OF "MARY ANERLEY," "LORNA DOONE," "CRIPPS, THE CARRIER," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

HOUSE-BREAKING.

As with orders of monœcious plants, so with some families of human kind, the female flower transcends the male in beauty, size, and dignity. In all these points Sir Joseph Touchwood, and Richard, his only son, fell far below the mark of the ladies they belonged to. The father and founder was an admirable man, when regarded from a national, that is to say, from a business, point of view. He had never been known, except by himself, to miss a chance of getting on; and from day to day he became more honest, as his character increased. Plymouth began to respect him deeply, as she found his vigor enlarge her trade, and some Radical deputations begged him to go up to Parliament. However, he had too much sense for that, and managed to get out of it without offense to any one. But several of his school-fellows, who had not got on so well, thoroughly agreed with one another that "Sandy Joe" (as they still called him) was making a fool of himself in building, over there by Dartmoor, that popinjay, pack-of-cards, peep-show thing, like the Lord Mayor's coach in London; and unless they were very much mistaken, such a stuck-up lot would come down headlong. Sir Joseph, as soon as he heard of these sentiments, proved the largeness of his mind by inviting all the critics to his great house-warming, and the few of them who went were so well treated that they put down all the rest, who had no coats to go in.

A man who succeeds with the hardest thing of all, and the highest in his opinion, that is to say, the money, is apt to believe that he can have his own way—if he chooses to assert it—in the lesser matters of life, such as family love, and respect, and the character of his children. The great contractor, perceiving that his son had no special turn for business, resolved to give him a fine education, and harness him afterward if needful. He sent him to a private school, and thence to Cambridge, and was proud to hear him called "the Cantab." The youth learned little, but was not dissatisfied either with himself or the world around him. For everybody looked upon him as a pleasant fellow, free-handed, careless, and good-natured in his way, talkative, full of small adventures of his own, and not disagreeably truthful. He was never long without some mighty hero, whom he worshipped for strength, or ability, or knowledge of the world, and who could have done better whatever was done well, and with less than a quarter of the trouble. Though indolent enough of mind, he was very restless bodily, and would keep the whole house upon the fidget unless he got his daily exercise. And now, as he was missing his term at Cambridge, and no field-sports were toward, his mother considered it a special grace of Providence in favor of her Dicky that Dartmoor was invaded by a mighty host of rats. For if there was anything that Dicky Touchwood thoroughly enjoyed, it was a good rat-hunt.

Now the fact that every one, high or low, who possessed the pleasure of his acquaintance—and one need not be very high to do that—called him without hesitation "Dicky Touchwood," is as clear a proof as can be given of his easy, careless style. His mother and sister had bravely striven, at the dates of his breeching, and then of his horsing, and then of his having a tail thrown over, to redeem him from a Dicky into Richard, Dick, or Richie, or even the old-fared Dickon. At each of these epochs their struggle was vain, but they rallied for a final stand upon the breastwork of his matriculation. For many a mile and league around them, none but some half a score of parsons knew the meaning of that mighty word, and possibly it might have triumphed over nature if the latter had not ignobly adopted the *argumentum ad hominem*. For the Cantab, upon his return, as arranged by his mother, in full academical plight, as he leaped from the chariot of the Park, in the presence of the whole population, upset the entire effect by shouting, "Three cheers for Dicky Touchwood!"

His only sister Julia was of a very different order. Tall, and handsome, and resolute, and straightforward, she kept her own place, and followed her own liking. She reigned over her father when he was at home, and was fairly reducing her mother to subjection in spite of some violent outbreaks. The latest of these had filled her with amazement even more than with indignation, until she perceived, being very clear-sighted, that it was a last despairing effort to cast off the tightening yoke. With skillful management on her part, it would prove the final clinching of the link. Dicky was a far more uncertain subject, for there was not substance enough in him to bind.

The sportive Dicky made few inquiries as to the reason of his sister's absence. When she was gone, he could have his own way, without let or hinderance, until something disagreed with his mother. For he was her darling, her pet, and her idol, and he alone of mortals might ever contradict her. So now he resolved to make the most of this fine opportunity, and be master so far as he cared to be, which was chiefly in matters of sport and of feeding. Ordering the household right and left, that very afternoon he sent for three rat-catchers, and commanded them to sink their feuds till Sunday, and be ready for him at the Park gate the next morning, with every dog and ferret they could hear of, together with their shovels, wire cages, knobsticks, and all the other items of their interesting gear. With the prospect of a guinea and the certainty of beer, they were punctual as the sun at ten o'clock; and a motley host of bipeds, quadrupeds, and tripods—for some of the dogs had only three feet left—set forth gallantly to invade the rats of Dartmoor.

Meanwhile, on this same Friday morning, Mr. Arthur (generally known as "Captain Larks") was busy with a lot of little vines in pots, which were crying out for more room and more nurture. He had brought them from his span-roof forcing-house to a little glazed building of his own construction, snugly ensconced beneath the cliff. And here, with half a hundred of his new patent pots, he was craftily preparing a delicious compost, of mealy sod, mellow manure, and spicy bone-dust, enough to make the little mouths of dainty creatures water. At this he worked hard, without sparing his hands, pulling asunder the fibrous clods, but not reducing them to siftage, nipping in twain every wire-worm and grub, carefully distributing the sweet stuff from the linhay, and the benefit of happy bones that should never ache again, and lightly with his open fingers carding up the mixture, until the whole was sleek and fragrant with the vital gifts of earth.

None but a very gruff fellow, unworthy to love or be loved by nature, can minister thus to his little dependents without ministering also to his own cares. Captain Larks was down-hearted, and perplexed, and quavery, when he drew his hand to do this work; but courage came to him, and the love of life, and the golden touch of hope, as he went on. The interest in other things beyond himself grew bright and gladsome as he worked for good; and without thinking of it, he began to whistle the old English tune, "We won't give up." Last night he had said to himself: "I must give up. Fate is too much for me, and all things go against me. I must fly from this refuge of many quiet years, and of pet things, the fruit of my own work. I must fly somewhere else, and begin once more, with the loss of all the little relics of my money, and rheumatism settling in my left shoulder-blade. And, worst of all, with darling Rose astray, and quite bewildered."

But now he was hoping for the best, and well believing that fear had made too much of his imaginary trouble. The day was fine, and the sunshine brisk, enlivening mankind, and especially those who live among the offspring of the sun. The soft spring air, afloat with sunbeams, brought the blue distance of the heavens to the earth, and the white blossoms shone upon it, as if they saw it. The gardener, as he plied his work, was breathing sweet contentment, for his heart drank in the beauty; and, better still, at every breath he felt that fruit was setting.

"Father, how glad I am to see you look like your old self again!" cried Rose, coming in from the grass-walk. "Mr. Short is wonderfully good and kind, but I should simply hate him if he were to begin to disturb your mind. You never ate as much as my thumb for supper, and you couldn't look worse if I ran away from you."

"I scarcely know how much your thumb eats for supper," her father replied, as his pleasure increased with gazing at her bright and affectionate face; "but if it has not overeaten itself, I would beg some help from it with the ball of this vine."

"Now if you don't know, papa, you ought to know," she said, in a low voice, as they worked together, "and you ought to be punished for not knowing well, that I am come to years of full discretion."

"It is a fine thing to have a good opinion of one's self. There! you have proved your words by snapping this root-fibre."

Although he spoke thus, he was thinking to himself: "This daughter of mine is discreet beyond her years. How she would enjoy her youth if it were the same as other girls have! And how beautiful she is, the pretty darling!" As for that, he was right beyond all doubt, though a father's pride goes astray sometimes from cleaving overfondly to the grooves of love. A very sweet face has its sweetness trebled when tender doubt and a light shade of anxiety soften the bloom of the cheeks, and deepen the lustre of inquiring eyes. Rose Arthur, with the sun-gleam on her hair, and the pure white forehead touched with thought, and the delicate oval of the face enhanced by the suppliant curve of neck, was not only charming to look at, but also bewitching to think of afterward.

"How can I have at all a good opinion of myself?" she asked her father, with some twinkle of a tear, "when nobody considers me of any use at all?"

"What a barefaced bit of fishing for a compliment! Can I ever do anything without you now? And when have I failed to praise you up to your deserts?"

"I don't mean such trumpery things as potting—or at least they are not at all trumpery, I know; but what I mean is great things, about people's lives, and reasons for doing things, and not telling other people."

"My darling," said her father, without displeasure, for he saw that she was trembling at her own audacity, "I will not pretend to misunderstand you, neither have I any right to blame you. You want to know why I live a different life from other people whom you know, why I am so reserved and lonely, and keep you shut up in this dull place."

"Father, I never had such an idea. The place is quite good enough for me, I should hope, if it is good enough for you. And as for being lonely, what more can I want than to have you, and help you, and try to be half as good to you as you are to me?"

"Well, my little Rosy one, that is all very fine in theory. The practice, however, goes otherwise, or why are you asking questions now?"

"I never would have said a word, dear father, except that I can not bear to see you vexed. It does not matter a bit about myself; but when it comes to you, it is dreadful."

"But suppose, my pet, that it is only for you that I care much about anything. Suppose that, for reasons which are not my own to tell, I am bound to keep my darling child from the roughness of the world, and can do it only by keeping outside of the world altogether. If that were so, you would have faith enough to believe that I acted for the best, and love enough not to increase my cares by questions which I can not answer."

"Oh, father, I wish that I had bitten out my tongue before I asked a single question. I will never be so cruel and undutiful again. But you will forgive me for this once?"

"Rosy, I am very glad that you did ask. It will make things happier between us, on the whole. You must have thought a thousand times that there was something odd about us. It is better to make up your mind to that than to live in a doubtful suspicion of it. In the course of time you will know the whole. But I fear that it will not be while I live."

"Then I hope that it will never be in this world, father. What ever should I do without you? It is too dreadful!"

"There, now, my darling, let us talk no more about it," said the father, with his child's tears on his cheek; "we have got a lot of work to do, and let us give our minds to it. After all, there are millions of people in the world not a thousandth part so happy as you and I may be while we have one another's love to help us."

"I should like to see anybody impudent enough to be happier than I am, all day long. I have never known an atom of unhappiness in my life."

She gave a little sob, to prove her words, and caught her breath quickly at such a mistake. Then she tossed up a heavy pot, and turned her sleeves up to show what energetic arms she had.

"How they have grown in the night! Look at this!" she exclaimed, with a smile that was full of delight. "Father, there is nothing in all the world more lovely than a baby vine, just when it begins to understand things, and offer its innocent hands to us. Look for one moment at this little darling; now doesn't it seem to be toddling to me, with its tiny hands spread out? Papa, I am sure there is nothing in the world half so beautiful as gardeners' work. What are jewellers, or watchmakers, or ivory-carvers, or even painters, to compare with a genuine gardener? The things that they handle are dead, and artificial, and can not know the meaning of the treatment they receive. But our work is living, and natural, and knows us, and adapts itself to follow our desires and please us, and has its own tempers, and moods, and feelings, exactly the same as we have. For people to talk about 'sensitive plants' does seem to be such sad nonsense, when every plant that lives is sensitive. You are very busy, but just spare time to look at this holly-leafed baby vine, with every tiny point cut like a prickle, yet much too tender and good to prick me. It follows every motion of my hand, it crisps its little veinings up whenever I come near it, and it feels in every fibre that I am looking at it."

"It is in my power to swallow tales of gigantic bulk," Mr. Arthur replied, and then opened his mouth to show its noble capacity; "especially when they come from you, my dear. Nevertheless, after watching my vines for many years, I have never had the luck to receive such reciprocity. Please to show me the next time you see them looking at you."

"As if I would be guilty of such treachery, papa! They know that I am foolish, and they like me for it. But you are much too wise for them, and scare them of their confidence. Stop a moment—did you hear that noise again? There has been such a noise going on around the beacon. The glass has prevented you from hearing it, I suppose. I meant to have told you, till we spoke of something else. There seems to be a quantity of men and dogs up there, shouting, and barking, and screaming out, and making the greatest uproar."

"Whatever it is, I would strongly recommend them to keep it outside of my premises. Halloa!"

Well indeed might he thus exclaim. A dark bulk fell upon the glittering roof; at the crash, a shower of flashing splinters flew like a bursting fire-work, and a human form tumbled in, all doubled up, and rolled upon a newly potted platoon of those sensitive vinelets.

"Oh, he must be killed!" cried Rose, running up to him. "The poor unfortunate little boy! I have got his head up on a pot. Father, hold him up till I get the water."

Rose herself was bleeding sadly from the arrowy sleet of glass; but without two thoughts she was off, and came back with a long-spouted can, and put a copper spreader on it.

"No," said her father, as she held up the can to water this gentleman freely, "not a drop of water. I have seen much bloodshed. Water would be wrong in a case like this. Leave him to me. Run for bandages quickly, and send Mopsy off the short way to the village, quick foot, for Dr. Perperaps."

Rose was off like a deer, and the gardener began, after drawing out one or two splinters of glass, and placing the youth in a better position, to close the worst cuts with cotton-wool (which he always kept in the greenhouse) tightly bound with broad strips of bast. Then he soaked the wool with cold water, and the patient gave a long gasp, and began to look about him.

"Not dead yet, my boys!" He tried to shout, but only muttered, "At him again, Tiger, at him again! Get him by the scruff, Bob, don't be an idiot. Hurrah! well done, Peppercorns!"

"Hold your tongue, sir, and shut your eyes," Mr. Arthur broke in, with his deepest tone, and the youth stared at him, and obeyed his voice, after putting up his lips as if he longed to whistle. And while his mind went wandering into wonder and distant dimness, a little dog, with all his wits about him, came in at the door, and making obeisance with a tremulous tail, asked courteous leave to sniff at him. Mr. Arthur, being fond of dogs, said, "Yes"; and before this dog could have satisfied his mind, two more came in to help him. But the first dog, being of a kingly order, signified to them that they were not wanted; and when they retired at his growl, he joined them, and the three held council. As sagely as any three M.D.'s they conducted their consultation, with their ears upon the curl, and their tails upon the wag, so far as men had spared them. But suddenly all three stumps fell flat, and quivered with humility, for, lo! there stood their worshipful masters, puffing and blowing, and inclined to swear at having only two legs each to bring them down the wall of crag.

"Cappen Larks, be 'un killed?" they cried, all scared to go into the greenhouse. "The young Squire Dicky—oh lor! oh lor!—and all the vault to be laid on us! Back there with 'e, every one o' you chaps! Us 'll lash the legs of any chaps as trieth it. These be Cappen's own privy grounds, and no blackguards admitted in."

"Be off, every one of you!" the owner shouted, with a smile which went against his words, "or in two minutes you will be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law."

"Cappen Larks, don't ye be so haish for to deny us a zaight o' the poor Master Dicky. There never wor a better one to work a rat out, and if a' be killed, us 'll niver hunt again."

"My good fellows, he is not killed, and he won't be, if you will get out of the way. But I won't answer for it, if you come plaguing here. Be off, if you care for his life, this moment."

"Cappen, us 'll get out of the wai quick-sticks. It goo'th to our hearts to zee 'un blading so. But to vare up they stones again is beyond our breeches."

"Fare out this way, then; across the water. But tell me first how the young man fell, and what his name is, and where he lives."

"'Twor all by rason of the bottled beer, sir. Do 'e see thiccy moot-stane round the cornder? Us had a score of bottled beer up yonner, and Squire Dicky's hat were two small to hold 'un. Muster Dicky Touchwood, from Touchwood Park. What ever will my lady zay to us?"

"You had better go and see, but tell her not to be uneasy. The doctor will be here at once, and the lad will soon come round. Clear out this very instant, dogs and men."

For by this time thirty dogs of every genealogy were poking about among the Captain's pots.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1253.]

THE HEAD WAITER.

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF "GRANDMOTHER'S MONEY," "POOR HUMANITY," "COWARD CONSCIENCE," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

FATHER, MOTHER, AND CHILD.

I HAD had a long illness, and been for a long while at death's door, they told me when I came to myself. I had been as "mad as a hatter," little Bailey said—he had been the boy in livery who sold bad cigars and programmes at the Apollo, and he was the only one of all the lot who had looked for me, and wished to know what had become of me. I had been out of my mind for three months—I was an inmate of the mad ward of a London work-house, where it was thought I should soon die, and give no more trouble to anybody.

But I recovered—that is, to an extent. I did not get very strong, but the little sense that I had ever had came back to me, although there were some who did not think so to the last.

Well, it is the last I am coming to now, and they who read this can judge for themselves. What their opinion is don't matter much—I am waiting now the Higher Judge, who will forgive me, or condemn me, according to His will. I plead guilty—that is all.

I was well enough to leave the work-house at last, but I was hardly well enough to get my own living. People glanced askance at me—Caffins only took me on as an "extra," when they were very busy, and to the Apollo I never went again; I never passed their doors, even; I have gone half a mile round rather than pass them: a poster on the walls concerning the amusements of the place has turned me sick and giddy. Still, I got a living somehow. I was right in my head again—I was quite sure of that myself—and a top back room in a court in Gray's Inn Lane was home enough for me. When I could not obtain a living I had the power to get away from it all in a few moments. The vial which I had shown

Jessie was still with me. I had found it in the pocket of my Sunday waistcoat, in the old home, to which I went back for the worldly goods which had been left me after the expenses of my illness had been paid to the parish. I took a pride in paying every penny of that; and then I sold off the things I did not want—a heap of Jessie's dresses, and a child's frock or two—and changed my quarters for good.

It was a hand-to-mouth existence for the next five or six years—looking back at it, I hardly know how I lived. I had but little to do; I grew very weak and very strange, they said; but that was their excuse for not having me any longer on the regular staff at Caffins's; and I was changed so that the Apollo people passed me in the street and did not know me. My hair had got as white as snow, and I looked a man between seventy and eighty, I stooped so much, and tottered so feebly when I walked. It would soon be the Union again, they thought, but I said I was not going to the Union any more. I had prepared against it.

What my thoughts were of my wife and child I need not trouble any one with—they were never out of my mind, you may take for granted. I grieved for little Jessie—for *she* might have been left to me; I grieved for the wife, and wondered where she was. I bore only hatred in my heart for the man who had taken her away. There came a day when I learned the news all at once. It was in the busy Christmas-time, when waiters were at a premium, and even I was sure of work. Jessie had been away from me for a clear six years—an awfully long six years it had been to me. I was engaged at a moment's notice, at a private fancy ball in the west of London. Caffins had the entire control of the refreshment department, and had been ordered to stand for no expense.

"You'll do pretty well if you keep quiet, Durnford," said my employer—"and in the background a bit."

"Why in the background, sir?" I asked, respectfully.

"Well, you don't look a first-rate sort of waiter now," said Caffins, bluntly, "and I have orders to do things first-rate. But you know how things ought to be done, and can instruct the others."

"As head waiter, sir?"

"God bless my soul! no," cried Caffins; "don't I say as a general help, and in the background? For mercy's sake don't put yourself forward. See how old and shabby you are."

"Very well, Mr. Caffins. I think I understand."

I understood that I should not please Caffins as an extra much longer, and I went in a morbid condition to my duties. I even put my vial of laudanum in my pocket, in case I should not give satisfaction to the real head waiter—a stuck-up ignoramus who knew nothing of his business.

I obeyed my orders, and kept in the background, as they wished me, though Jacob Durnford had never pushed himself where he was not wanted. The ball, which was an expensive affair, and a showy one in many ways, was held in a large private house in Fulham. With all its lavish display, its hired orchestra, its fancy dresses, its numerous guests, its light and life and glitter, it was wanting in style and fashion, and at last even in decorum. The men looked like gentlemen, some of them, but the women were wild creatures, extravagantly dressed, and jewelled and painted, and they laughed and screamed loudly as the night stole on. A few of them I had seen before at the Apollo, or in the streets, late at night, leading to the Apollo; more of them might have come here, but the rest were dead! There dawned upon me slowly the thought that at such a semi-respectable or semi-disreputable place as this *she* might appear with *him*. It was likely—it was more than likely; and as the impression deepened on me, I sat down, and with a cold sweat as of death upon me.

"What's the matter, old man? Come over bad?" asked one of the young waiters.

"I feel a little faint," I replied. "It will soon pass off."

"They'll be having supper in another hour. If you pull round by then, that 'll do. You ain't much use jest now."

"I know that. Here, Tomkins!"

"What's the row now?"

"Have all the company come?"

"How the blazes should I know?"

"I don't call this a respectable lot—do you?"

"Oh, lor—here's old Durnford shocked!" he cried. "Shall I get you some brandy, or some smelling-salts for your delikit constitooshun?"

"I'm not shocked, Tomkins," I said. "I've lived too long in the world to be shocked at anything."

"That's lucky."

"But they're awfully mixed here, Tomkins, don't you think? There are four or five of the women who used to sing at the Apollo, and half a dozen who came there—seasons, you know—and—"

"Ain't they a right to enjoy theirselves as much as anybody else?" said Tomkins, virtuously indignant now; "or hasn't the master or the missis of this crib—I don't know which it is—a right to ask whoever they like to their own 'ouse? Hasn't—"

"It's a missis, if you wants to know, Tomkins," said a third waiter, coming up.

"Oh! is it? I heard this was a Mr. Rushton's place, and the missis was—"

"Rushton!" I yelled at them both—"did you say Rushton? Did either of you two men say Rushton?"

"He's off his 'ed now," said Tomkins; "the master said we should have a job with him, if we didn't keep our eyes open."

"There's no Rushton here, Durnford," said the new-comer, "though why it should matter to you if there was, I don't see. Rushton bolted away two years ago—couldn't stand his lady's tempers, the servants have been telling me—and she took up with Scowles, the banker, until he died. She passes for a lively kind of widow now."

"And keeps this company?"

"It will pay. She's a fine woman, and they do say as how Lord Cheeseborough—that's him with the gray mustache—comes here pretty reg'lar to dinner, and—there he is talking to her now. That's Cheeseborough—awfully tip-top."

"Where?" I cried, struggling to my feet, and breaking a few glasses with my hands in my strong efforts to rise. "I should like to see that woman."

"Oh, you always was a chap after the gals!" said Tomkins, laughing, as he hurried away. I turned to the other waiter; I should have been glad to cling to his arm, but he had gone also, and left me alone. I tottered to the door of the anteroom which looked into the ball-room, and peered through some heavy curtains which hid the view a little. I should have scared one poor soul had she looked toward me then.

Yes, it was she. She was there, in a blaze of jewels, and with flowers—God's beautiful flowers—upon her head, and looping up her dress. This was the wife of Durnford the waiter—the woman who had run away from him. She was laughing shrilly at the remarks of the man with the gray mustache, who was bending over her, and it was not the old true, honest laugh which had echoed in our home together. Ay, and it was not a happy face, for all the beauty of it, and for all the splendor about it and her.

I could say, "Poor Jessie!" even then, and with scalding tears in the furrows of my cheeks. I did not envy her prosperity, or contrast it to a disadvantage with my utter penury.

At the moment, a little hand touched mine, a fairy face looked up to mine, and a child in a ball dress, the only child of all that community—stood before me.

"Please, waiter, will you give me a little lemonade, mamma says?"

"Mamma!—which is your mamma, child?" I asked, very eagerly now, and with my soul turning into ice. The face was like the woman's I had been gazing at, like that of my little Jessie who had been stolen from me.

"Why, the lady who lives here, to be sure."

"*Your mamma?*"

"Yes."

I crawled very slowly to the refreshment table. The waiters were all away; only the little girl was with me now—my only child!

"You are very young to attend these parties, little one," I stammered forth, in a hoarse voice.

"Oh, I go everywhere with mamma," said the child, full of confidence, even to me; "she takes me everywhere—to all the theatres, and concerts, and balls—I'm to dance all the evening here—and she can't bear my being out of her sight, so please let me have the lemonade."

"What a life! what an example! Oh, my God! better this child in its innocence in heaven than on earth with such a mother!"

I muttered this—I thought this—I was sure of this. As I poured the lemonade into the glass, I remembered the vial of poison which I had bought to destroy Rushton some six years ago, and I thought again that it was saving my child to take her from this life. Madness, if you like—I don't know, even in all my misery, if I were wrong, but I can not brood too much upon it.

As I turned my back toward her, I poured the poison into the glass, and with a strange "God bless you!" passed it quickly across the counter to her. The child looked afraid of me at last.

"Why do you look like that? Why do you say 'God bless you'?" she asked, in a low tone.

"I don't know," I said; "I am fond of little children. I had a little girl exactly like you once, and her name was Jessie."

"My name is Jessie too."

"Ay—it's a pretty name. Will you kiss me for *my* little Jessie's sake?"

"Oh! no, no!—I couldn't," said the child, shuddering violently, and retreating backward step by step. "I—I couldn't touch *you*."

"Drink your lemonade, then," I urged; "you haven't tasted it."

"N--no. No, I will not take it. I will go back to— Oh, mamma! mamma!" she screamed, as some one came rustling swiftly into the room, "this man has frightened me so dreadfully!"

"This man has!" cried my wife's voice. "How dare you—how—"

There was a full stop, and then the woman in her jewels glared at me as at a dead man risen from his grave.

"Is—it—YOU?" she gasped forth, huskily, at last.

"My name is Jacob Durnford, madam," I replied.

"Great Heaven! what has brought you here?"

"Honest work."

"You must go away at once. Here is money—take it; here is my diamond bracelet—sell it; but don't disgrace me before these people."

"The disgrace came to you years ago, madam; you should be used to it," I said, pushing away her gifts. "I want nothing from you. I am going now."

"What is that in your hand?"

It was the vial. For the second time in my life I held it up toward her, foreshadowing a crime. And she remembered at once.

"Ha! you have come too late," she cried; "he is beyond you; he is thousands of miles away. If it had not been for that, I should have never left you, though I have loved him all my life. I was afraid you would kill *the wretch*."

"I did not come for him."

"Then— Oh, Christ! not for Jessie! Not for my little Jessie!"

She glanced wildly from me to the child, from the child to the glass of lemonade, and then shrieked forth, "Oh, you have poisoned her. Murderer! assassin! Help!"

"I thought she was better in God's hands than yours," I said, sternly, "but—"

She screamed again for help, and the death-like swoon fell on her as her guests rushed to her assistance, with white faces and staring eyes.

"What is it? What is the matter?"

"The lady has fainted," I explained; "the heat of the room was too much for her."

I stole my hand to the glass of lemonade, and knocked it over, and whilst the child—my child—was sobbing out an attempt at explanation, I crept away from them all, and no one sought to stay me.

I saw them never again; but I think still that in God's hands my little child would have been safer than in her mother's, and that it would have been merciful to place her there.

In this work-house ward, to which poverty and ill health have at last reduced me, I try to think it out, like this; but the moral of it all still baffles me. A rumor reaches me that in a quiet foreign village my wife and child have been seen; a grave, decorous, almost religious woman she is now, they say. Possible—just possible; but I shall never know for certain.

THE END.

A "POWWOW" AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

The visits of delegations from the various Indian tribes of the far West to the White House at Washington, for the purpose of laying their requests and grievances before the "Great Father" in person, are occasions of considerable interest. Our artist has pictured one of these "powwows" on our first page. The reception took place in the Great East Room. The visitors, in full costume, were ranged in Indian fashion in a semicircle across the room. President Hayes sat facing them, and was accompanied by Secretary Schurz. Mrs. Hayes, with a lady friend, was also present. The Indians were delighted to be presented to the President's wife, and gave vent to their feelings of satisfaction by a series of grunts, nods, and shrugging of shoulders. Their communications and the replies were made through an interpreter, of course. They paid the closest attention to what the President said, and whenever anything did not exactly please them, they gave a tremendous grunt of disapproval. The "talk" ended, the red men shook hands with the President, and quietly took their departure.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

With the re-assembling of Congress, we again hear of the doings of the "lobby" and "lobbyists." Congressmen who do not know just how to deal with them, and at the same time do not wish to offend them, should take example from the late Senator Nye. When one of "the boys" button-holed him, and mentioned that he was deeply interested in the passage of a little bill, the affable legislator would cry out, in his hearty tones, "I'm for it!—what is it?"

They are telling a capital theatrical story in Paris at present, apropos of a well-known actor, who has been compelled to leave the stage after long service. Twenty-five years ago he was acting the part of a servant of venerable appearance; and while waiting his turn to enter, was playing dominoes with a friend in the wings. Growing merry, the friend knocked off his wig, just as the call came for him. There was nothing for it but to go on the stage, his dark head of hair contrasting ludicrously with his otherwise antiquated make-up. The celebrated actor who was playing the leading part at once comprehended the situation, and cried, with ready humor, "It is not you, but your father, that I want." The servant bowed low, left the stage, picked up his wig, put it on, and quickly returning, said, respectfully:

"Monsieur, my son informs me that you have need of my services. Here I am."

There are some people wicked enough to laugh at Boston and the Bostonians. They go so far as to say that a person presenting a letter of introduction there can expect no greater hospitality than an invitation to a seat in the recipient's pew on the following Sunday; or, if the introduction be a particularly cordial one, to visit that well-known cemetery Mount Auburn. Nor are the residents, it is said, averse to this latter funereal excursion. One of them, when calling upon a lady whose wit and brilliant social qualities are well remembered, eagerly cried, "Oh, Mrs. ——, you must really go to Mount Auburn! it is perfectly lovely now."

Mrs. —— dropped her work in her lap, and, looking at her visitor, said, quietly, but with much emphasis, "My dear, when *I* go to Mount Auburn, I shall stay all night."

Some one who recently desired to obtain apartments in a *maison meublée* in Paris was asked by the servant who answered the bell if he had any children. He replied, with some surprise, that he had.

"Then," said the servant, "it will be useless for monsieur to apply to the *concierge*, for he will not let apartments to a family in which there are children."

The applicant was turning away, when he caught sight of two unkempt-looking children playing in the court. "But how is this?" he asked. "There are two children."

"Ah, monsieur," said the servant, "nothing would give the *concierge* greater pleasure than to 'fire them out' [*jeter dehors*]; but that is unfortunately impossible: they are his own."

During the first Leadville excitement the means of transportation thither were taxed to their utmost capacity, and the stages rolled slowly over the high passes and into the camp, laden with excited and expectant passengers. One day such a coach-load met a forlorn-looking man tramping in the opposite direction, clad in rags, and carrying his scanty effects on his back. To their "chaffing" he listened with perfect good-nature, and then dryly replied, "That's all right, boys—that's all right: *I* went *into* Leadville with my store clothes on, and on top of a coach."

It was an Irishman of a quaint humor and a power of vivid description whom a party of gentlemen met on a steamer last summer.

"When ye went to the beach, did ye see Mac?" he asked. "Shure Mac is a rale quiet, dacint man, but he's not the koind of man ye'd loike to have thrubble with. Shure he was building a house, and he had a dispute with the owner; and the owner wint and got a koind of a prize-fighter—what was his name? the Cornish Pet, or something loike that—and sint him to lick Mac. And when Mac saw him a-coming he jist tould him that he wouldn't be afther spaking a worrud to him—that he wouldn't have no thrubble with him at all, at all. Well, surr, the Cornish Pet he hit Mac once, and that was all. Shure, when Mac had finished with that prize-fighter they had to take a door off the hinges, *and carry home the pieces of him.*"

Our British brethren seem to have more or less difficulty in adapting themselves to our railway nomenclature, so very different from their own. Two of them entered a hotel coach the other day, and seemed rather ill at ease.

"Beastly weather," said one.

"Yes," said the other, "and this is a beastly way of going to the station, don't you know. One can never keep the run of one's traps. Oh, I say, have you the *brasses for the luggage?*"

It was to the passenger on the top of one of these same coaches that a friendly driver unbosomed himself the other day:

"Queer fellers some of them Englishmen that comes over in the steamers. When the *Britannic* come in last trip there was four hard-looking cusses come up to me, and says they, 'Where's the —— Hotel?' [a famed hostelry]. I never heerd such everlastin' cheek, and says I to them, right off, 'The —— Hotel ain't *your* style: a shake-down in the Bowery 'll about suit you.'"

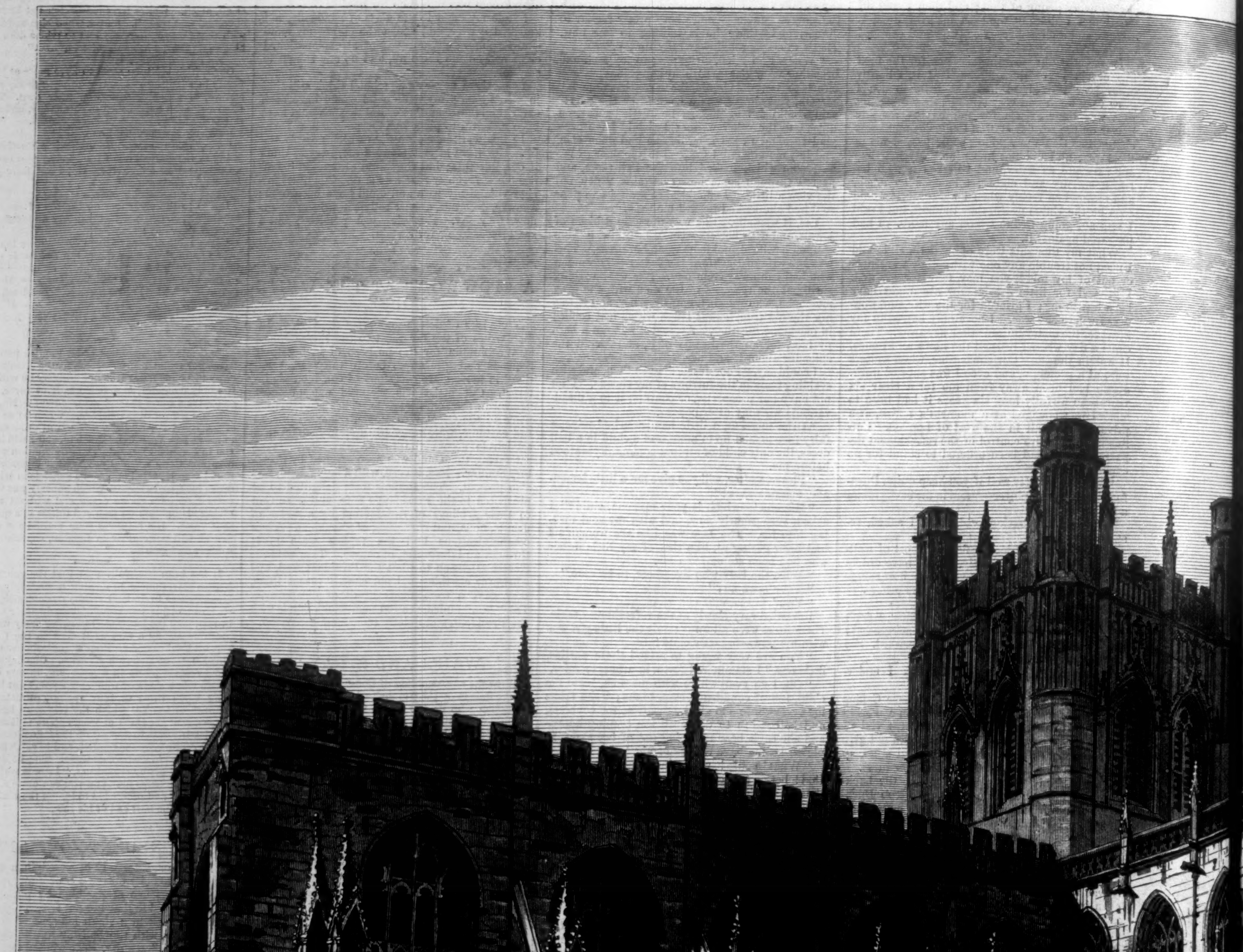
The Paris correspondent of an English paper says: "General Grant has been offered the American Embassy in London, and it is not unlikely he will take it. His only daughter, Mrs. Sartoris, lives there, and the general is a warm-hearted man. Silent? No, but perhaps not a lover of idle babble. When he was staying at the Hôtel Bristol here, a friend of mine called out to me as I was passing, 'Come in, and I will introduce you to President Grant.' The presentation was made then and there without any further ceremony, and I found myself seated opposite a gentleman with a vigorous look, and a face on which honesty was written in every line. He spoke easily and without reticence, giving his opinion on men and things in a quiet, pleasant voice. His manners were cordial yet dignified, and he will be popular in London, especially among soldiers and gentlemen."

It has been truthfully said that the course of the British government in dealing hesitatingly with the law-breakers in Ireland recalls the indecision of Buchanan and his fellow-politicians in their vacillation in 1861. To the latter the following story would have given as strong a hint as it does to the former: A shrewd Yankee and an English philosopher were travelling together in South America. One day they sheltered from a storm in a large hut, in one corner of which was a stack of wood. They had not been there long when three or four snakes, attracted by the warmth of the fire which the travellers had lighted, came out of the stack of wood. The philosopher immediately began to descant on the "final cause" of the creation of poisonous reptiles, and to ask whether man was justified in destroying them. The Yankee cut his discourse short by remarking, "I guess we had better smash the critters first, and you can orate about them afterward," and proceeded to knock the snakes on the head with the butt end of his rifle.

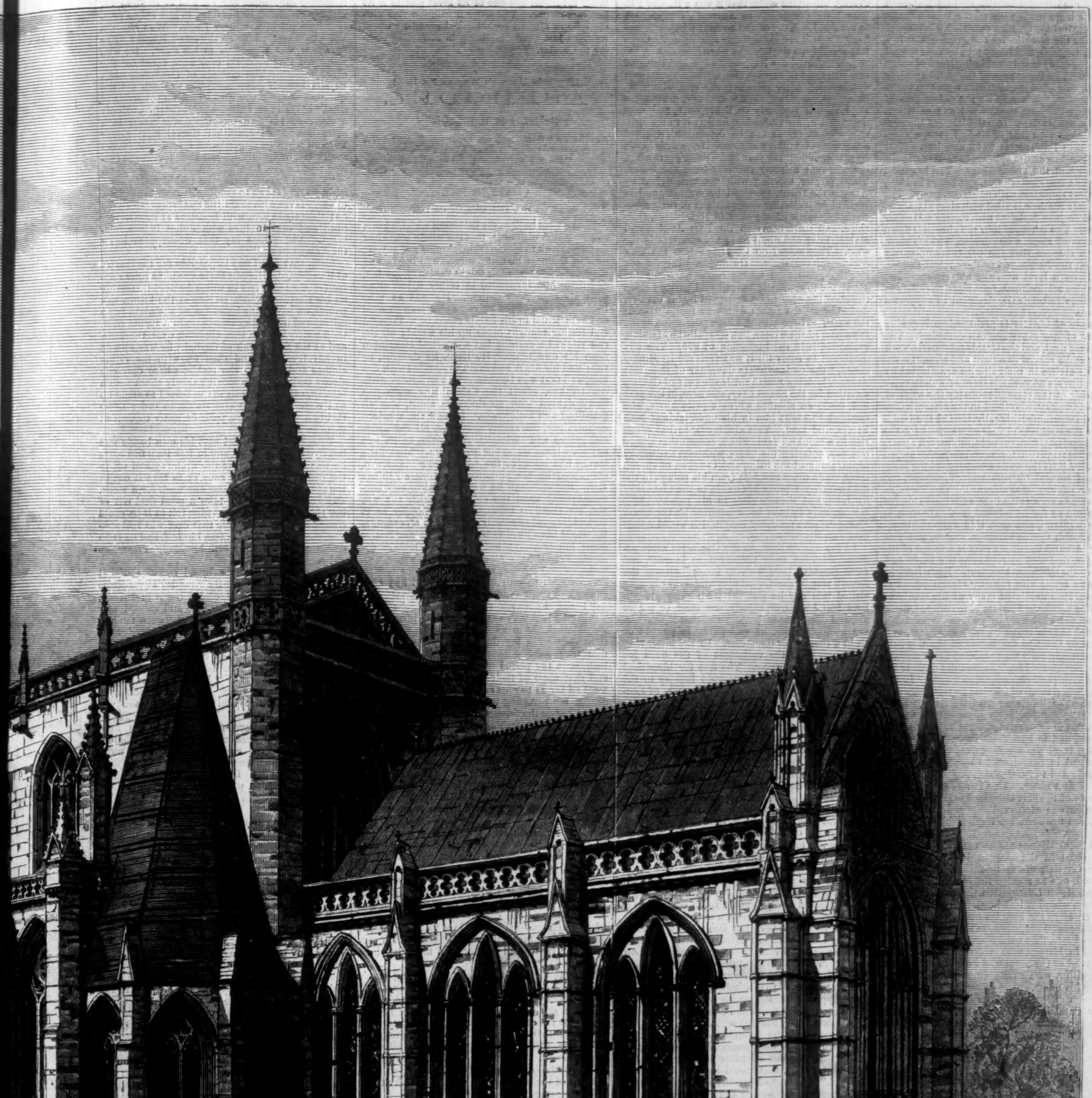
A TENEMENT-HOUSE FIRE.

A dreadful tragedy occurred in a tenement-house in this city on the 4th of January, through the careless use of gasoline by plumbers, who were engaged in thawing out frozen pipes. They were at work in a small unoccupied room communicating with the hallway at the foot of the stairs in the first story. The windows were closed, and the outside shutters were shut together. The men had also closed the door. They had just filled the gasoline machine, or lamp, with which the pipes were thawed, from a can holding about two quarts, and in doing so a little of the liquid was spilled upon the floor. The vapor that arose from it, it is supposed, caught fire from a candle that stood near, and quick as a flash the flames spread to the lamp and the can. It all occurred so quickly that neither of the men can tell exactly how it happened. The assistant dropped the can, and the plumber picked it up all ablaze, and ran to the window with it. The window would not open, and he followed the boy into the hallway. The door from the hallway into the alley would not open, and the boy crossed the hallway, and opening the door that led into a saloon in the front building, dashed through into Madison Street, shouting "Fire!" The plumber had dropped the blazing can, and, with his clothing all afire, followed his helper. Persons passing in the street gathered about him as he reached the sidewalk, and aided in extinguishing the flames with which he was covered. After some delay a fire alarm was sent in, and ten or twelve minutes from the time the fire started, the engines were on the spot. In that time, however, the fire had done most of its deadly work.

There were seven families in the tenement-house. The stairway was in the middle of the building, separating the apartments of the respective families. Each apartment consisted of three rooms. One window from each apartment opened on a balcony, through the centre of which a stationary iron ladder extended from the eaves to the first story. The only other means of escape was up the stairway to the roof. The density of the smoke and the swift spreading of the flames barred both ways of exit before a majority of the tenants knew their danger. Those who lost their lives were all in the fourth and fifth stories. Below them the balcony floorings were ablaze, and past their doors the flames roared like a blast-furnace. They died in their rooms by suffocation. Ten lives were lost, and there were some very remarkable escapes. The building was constructed on plans approved by the Building Department, and was provided with the fire-escapes that the law required; but the fire had no sooner spread through the doorway from the little room where it started, than the draught through the hallway sucked it upward to the stories above.



ENGLISH CHURCH ARCHITECTURE—CHE



E—HESTER CATHEDRAL.—[See Page 58.]

CHESTER CATHEDRAL.

The best view that may be had of Chester Cathedral, so closely is it surrounded by buildings, is that from the city walls on the east side, whence the broad and lofty clear-stories, the enriched south porch, the huge south wing of the transept, and the low central tower, with canopied windows, at once strike the attention. The great edifice is a spacious, irregular, and heavy pile, become ragged through the decay of the mouldering stone of which it is built. The lower part of the wall has a row of arches, now filled up, and, with a portion of the north transept, appears to be the oldest part of the present building, though not any of it can boast of a remote date. All the labor of the Saxons, and almost all that of Hugh Lupus, who refounded it in 1095, seems to be now lost. Most of the present structure appears to have been built in the reign of the Tudor kings. The beautiful west end, as tradition tells us, was begun in 1508, and the first stone laid with much ceremony. The window over the door is filled with elegant tracery, and the door-case enriched with figures and other sculpture. The entrance into the church is down a multitude of steps, a circumstance which gives reason to suspect that the present edifice was erected on the foundation of the ancient church, originally on a level with the old streets. The tower, which stands upon four massive pillars in the middle, was originally designed to support a lofty spire.

The nave of Chester is perhaps less imposing than that of any other English cathedral. The choir is very neat, and the Gothic tabernacle-work over the stalls carved in a light and elegant manner. The arches in the galleries are divided by slender pillars, and perhaps were of a date prior to the body of the church, probably the work of the Abbot Oldham, who lived in the fifteenth century, and contributed liberally toward the building. In the chancel are four stone stalls for the officiating priests, with carved Gothic work above, and a recess or two for preserving the sacred utensils. About the walls are dispersed the monuments of several bishops and churchmen, but none are of any magnificence. The bishop's throne stands on a stone base as remarkable for its sculpture as for its original use. Its form is an oblong square, and each side most richly ornamented with Gothic carvings, arches, and pinnacles. Around the upper part is a range of little images, designed to represent the kings and saints of the Mercian kingdom. Each held in one hand a scroll with the name inscribed. Fanatic ignorance mutilated many of the labels as well as the figures. The last were restored about 1748, but the workman, by an unlucky mistake, has placed female heads on male shoulders, and given manly faces to the bodies of the fair sex. There were originally thirty-four of these figures, but four have been lost. Behind the choir is St. Mary's Chapel, and on each side an aisle. In the north aisle is a tomb of an altar form, ascribed to Henry the Fourth, Emperor of Germany, who is said to have escaped from his troubles, and to have resided in Godshall Lane in Chester, to have died there, and to have been interred in the abbey. The transepts are very dissimilar in form, and unequal in extent. The north one is very large, dedicated to St. Oswald, and is the parish church of that name. This is reported to stand on the site of the first church of St. Peter and St. Paul, which was afterward changed to the Holy Trinity, and finally to St. Werburgh's, the name it now bears.

The Chapter-House at Chester appears to have been erected in the time of Randle, the first Earl of Chester, whose first care, after it was completed, was to remove the body of his uncle, the great Hugh Lupus, from the church-yard of the abbey, where it had been interred, into this building. Here the remains continued unmolested till the year 1724, when, in digging within the Chapter-House, they were found in a stone coffin, wrapped in leather, with a cross on the breast. At the head of the coffin was a stone in the shape of a T, with a wolf's head engraven on it, in allusion to his name.

A wealth of legend and tradition clings about Chester Cathedral. The saint whose name it bears was a pious lady, for whom monkish writers claim a record of surpassing virtue. Werburgh was descended from Anna, King of the East Anglians, and his wife Hereswythe. Both were recognized as saints, and they were the parents of four sainted daughters—Sexburgh, Abbess of Sheppey, and afterward of Ely; Etheldrythe, the famous Abbess and patroness of Ely; Ethelburgh; and Withburgh. Sexburgh, before she retired to Sheppey, had been the wife of Ercombert, King of Kent; their daughter Ermenilde married Wulfere, King of Mercia, and from that union was born St. Werburgh. On Wulfere's death, in the year 675, she retired with her mother to the convent at Ely, over which St. Etheldrythe was then presiding. There both Ermenilde and Werburgh took the veil, and after remaining a short time at Ely, Werburgh undertook, at the request of her uncle Etheldred, then King of Mercia, the arrangement and direction of monastic houses newly established at Hanbury and Trentham. Her mother, Ermenilde, had in the mean time become Abbess of Ely, and Werburgh succeeded to that position on her death. She appears to have regulated all three houses until her own death, the date of which is uncertain. It occurred, however, at Trentham, and although she had desired to be buried at Hanbury, preparations were made for her interment where she died, when the brethren of Hanbury came by night into the church at Trentham, where the body was laid, and carried it off. At Hanbury Werburgh was duly buried. About nine years later her body was disinterred and enshrined, when, according to the usual assertion, it was found entire and uncorrupt. In the year 875, when the Danes were ravaging Mercia, the monks of Hanbury fled with the shrine and relics to Chester, where the body of St. Werburgh remained undisturbed. She became the great patron saint of the city.

The town of Chester, which the great Cathedral of St. Werburgh adorns, is of very ancient origin. Certain historians claim that it was a Roman military station previous to Agricola's expedition to Scotland. Many of the ancient traditions that hang about it are exceedingly interesting. Chester passed from the Romans when Ethelfrith, the Saxon, defeated the King of Powys, and annexed this rich tract of surrounding territory to his own dominions. After pillaging the city, whose inhabitants, according to Malmesbury, dreading a siege, rushed furiously on Ethelfrith, and were destroyed in his ambushes, he left it to the Britons, who, as far as can be determined, retained possession of it till it was wrested from their hands by Egbert, about the year 828. Some years after, it underwent a heavy calamity from the Danes. These pirates, meeting with a severe defeat by Alfred the Great, retreated before him, and in their flight collecting vast numbers of their countrymen, committed the care of their wives, their ships, and their booty to the East Angles, and marched day and night to secure quarters in the west. They seized on Chester before the king could overtake them. He besieged them about two days, destroyed all the cattle he could find about the town, partly burned and partly caused the standing corn to be destroyed by his cavalry, and slew all the Danes whom he found without the walls. These invaders kept possession of the town part of the winter, but, compelled by famine, evacuated it in the beginning of 895. The city continued in ruins till it was restored by Ethelfreda, "the undegenerate daughter of the great Alfred." King Edgar made the port of Chester a station for the Saxon navy, and here, in the year 973, made an alliance with six petty kings, who engaged to assist him in his undertakings both by sea and land. This circumstance has given rise to a monkish fable which asserts that Edgar one day, entering his barge with eight tributary kings, assumed the helm, and, in token of superiority, made them row him from his palace, in the field which yet bears his name, to the Church of St. John, and thence back to his palace. This tale appears to have been invented by the monk Ranulph, who probably imagined it would reflect honor on his native city.

In the age of Edward the Confessor some peculiar customs were preserved in Chester, and some singular laws were in force. Among the former may be mentioned that whenever the king visited this city he claimed from every ploughland 200 *hesthas*, or capons, one *cuna*, or vat of ale, and one *rusca* of butter; and that if any person made bad ale, he was either to pay 4*s.* or sit in a *tumbril*, or dung-cart. Of the latter may be enumerated the variations of the fines for bloodshed and murder. The fine for bloodshed from the morning of the second holiday to the noon of Sunday was 10*s.*; from the noon of Sunday to the morning of the second holiday, 20*s.*; and the like sum in the twelve days of Christmas, on the Purification of the Virgin Mary, the first day of Easter and Whitsuntide, Ascension-day, the Assumption or nativity of the Blessed Virgin, and the feast of All-Saints. The fine for killing a man on either of these days was £4, but on any other day only 40*s.* The penalty for robbery was 40*s.* If a fire happened in the city, the person in whose house it broke out was to forfeit four *orae denar*, and pay 2*s.* to his next neighbor. Either man or woman making a *false abode* in the city was to forfeit 4*s.* One-third of these forfeitures belonged to the earl, and the remainder to the king.

There is a story current at Chester that the fatal tragedy which Queen Mary had intended to act in Ireland was prevented by an occurrence in this city. Dr. Henry Cole, a native of Godshill, in the Isle of Wight, and Dean of St. Paul's, is reported to have been intrusted with the commission issued by Mary to empower the Lord Deputy of Ireland to institute prosecutions against such of the natives as should refuse to observe the ceremonies of the Catholic religion. The doctor stopped at Chester on his way to Ireland, and having put up at the Blue Posts, in Bridge Street, was waited on by the mayor, to whom, in the flow of conversation, he communicated the business in which he was then engaged, and opening his cloak bag, took out a leather box, observing "he had that within, that would lash the heretics of Ireland." His hostess (named Edmund) overheard the discourse, and having a brother of the reformed religion at Dublin, became alarmed for his safety, and with a quickness of thought which in the ages of ignorance would have been deemed inspiration, she took the opportunity of the doctor's attending the visitor to the door to withdraw the commission from the box and place a pack of cards in its room. Soon after, the dean sailed for Ireland, where he arrived on the 7th of December, 1558, and was introduced to the Lord Deputy Fitzwalter and the Privy Council. Having explained the nature of his embassy in a speech of some length, he presented his box, which his lordship opened, and with considerable surprise beheld the cards. The doctor was thunder-struck, and, in much confusion, affirmed that a commission he certainly had, but some artful person must have made the exchange. "Then," said his lordship, "you have nothing to do but return to London and get it renewed; meanwhile we'll shuffle the cards." This sarcastic advice the doctor, though at such a disagreeable season of the year, was constrained to follow; but before he could reach Ireland a second time, the Queen died, and her sanguinary commission became useless. The woman whose dexterity and presence of mind had thus providentially operated was rewarded by Elizabeth with an annual pension of £40.

The Chester of to-day is a prosperous English town, proud of its crumbling cathedral, but more interested in the practical activities of nineteenth-century life. It is the centre of six important railways, and its station is one of the largest and finest in the United Kingdom. Chester has manufactures of white lead, sheet lead, lead pipes, and patent shot; and it exports cheese and copper, cast iron and coal. It has a population of nearly thirty thousand, and one of its great glories is its fine race-course. The latter institution vies with the relic of ancient ecclesiastical grandeur which we have just been describing in attracting visitors to Chester.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1235.]

ASPHODEL.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Barbara; or, Splendid Misery," "A Strange World," "Lady Audley's Secret," "Dead Men's Shoes," "Vixen," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

"FOR WELE OR WO, FOR CAROLE OR FOR DAUNCE."

Edgar went back to the ball-room with his heart so penetrated with bliss, that the whole scene had an unreal look to him in its brightness and gayety, as if in the next instant dancers, and lights, and music, and familiar faces might vanish altogether, and leave him suspended in empty space, alone with his own deep delight. He was as near Berkeley's idea of the universe as a man so solid and substantial in his habits could be. Thought and feeling to-night made up his world; all the rest might be nothing but a spectral emanation from his own brain. He lived, he thought, he felt; and his heart and brain were filled with one idea, and that was Daphne. The ball-room without Daphne, albeit the Caledonians were just being danced with considerable spirit, was all falsehood and hollowness. He saw the spurious complexions, the scanty draperies, all the artificial graces and meretricious charms, as he had not seen them while she was there. That little leaven had leavened the whole lump. His eye, gladdened by her presence, had seen all things fair. But although he was inclined to look contemptuously upon the crowd in which she was not, his heart so brimmed over with joy as to make him good-naturedly disposed to all creation. He would have liked to leave that gay and festive scene immediately; but finding his mother enjoying herself very much in a snug corner with three other matrons, all in after-supper spirits, he consented to wait till Mrs. Turchill had seen one or two more dances.

"I like to watch them, Edgar," she said, "though I feel very thankful to Providence that we didn't dance in the same style, or wear such tight dresses, in my time. I remember reading that they wore scanty skirts and hardly any bodices in the period of the French Revolution, and that some of their fashionable women even went so far as to appear with bare feet, which is almost too revolting to mention. All I can say is that I hope the dresses I see to-night are not the signs of an approaching revolution in England; but I should hardly be surprised if they were. Do go and get a nice partner and let me see you waltz, Edgar. You've improved wonderfully since the Infirmary Ball last year."

"I'm glad you think so, mother, but I sha'n't dance any more to-night. I made no engagements for after supper except with Daphne, and she has gone home."

"Oh, the South Hill people have gone, have they? Well, if you're not going to dance any more, perhaps we may as well be going too," said Mrs. Turchill, perceiving that a good many of the county people were slipping quietly away, and not wishing to be left with the ruck. So Edgar, very glad to escape, gave his mother his arm and assisted her to the cloak-room, where she completely extinguished herself in a valuable though somewhat old-fashioned set of sables, which covered her from head to foot, and made her look like a walking hay-stack.

How full of happy fancies the young man's mind was as they drove through the lanes and cross-country roads to Hawksyard, under that brilliant sky so peopled with worlds of light—"gods or the abodes of gods;" he cared to-night no more than Sardanapalus what those stars might be—with now a view of distant hills, far away toward the famous Wrekin, a cloud-like spot in the extreme distance, and now vivid gleams of the nearer river, glittering under those glittering stars!

"Isn't it a delicious night, mother?" he cried; and only a gentle snore—a snore expressive of the blissfulness of repose after exertion—breathed from the matronly mass of furred cloak and hood.

He was quite alone—glad to be alone—alone with his new sense of happiness, and the starry night, and the image of his dear love.

She had spoken him fair; she meant to make him happier than man ever was upon earth, since the earth could have produced but one Daphne. She must have meant something by those delicious words, that sweet, spontaneous praise. Unsolicited she had taken his hand and pressed it with affectionate warmth—she who had been so cold to him—she who had never evinced one touch of tender feeling before; only a frank, sisterly kindness, which was more galling than cruelty. And to-night she had lifted up her eyes and looked at him—eyes so mournfully sweet, so exquisitely beautiful.

"My angel, that marble heart is melted at last," he said to himself. "Who would not be constant for such a reward!"

He had only been in love with Daphne a little over six months, yet it seemed to him now that in that half-year lay the drama of his life. All that went before had been only prologue. True that he had fancied himself in love with Madoline—the lovely and gracious lady of his youthful dreams—but this was but the false light that comes before the dawn. He felt some touch of shame at having been so deceived as to his own feelings. He remembered that afternoon in the meadows between South Hill and Arden Rectory, when he had poured his woes into Daphne's sympathizing ear; when she, his idol of to-night, his idol for evermore, had seemed to him only a pretty school-girl in a muslin frock. Was she the same Daphne? Was he the same Edgar? She who now was a goddess in his sight. He who wondered that he could ever have cared for any other woman. The disciple of Condillac, when he sits himself down seriously to think out the question whether the rose which he touches and smells is really an independent existence, or only a thing of his own imagining, was never in a more bewildered condition than honest Edgar Turchill when he remembered how devotedly, despairingly, undyingly, he had once loved—or fancied that he loved—Madoline.

"Romeo was the same," he told himself sheepishly, having taken to reading Shakspeare of late, to curry favor with that little Shakspearean Daphne; "madly in love with Rosaline at noon—over head and ears in love with Juliet before midnight. And critics say that Shakspeare knew the human heart."

Sleep that night was impossible for the master of Hawksyard. Happily there was but a brief remnant of the night left in which he need lie tossing on his sleepless couch, staring at the brown oak panels, on which the reflection of the night-lamp glimmered like a dim star-beam in a turbid pool. Cold wintry dawn came creeping over the hills, and at the first streak of daylight he was up and in his icy bath, and then on with his riding clothes and away to the stable, where only one sleepy underling was moving slowly about with a lantern, calling drowsily to the horses to stand up and come out of a warm stable, in order to be tied to a wall and have pails of water thrown at them in a cold yard.

To saddle Black Pearl with his own hands was but five minutes' work, and in less than five more he was clattering under the archway and off to the nearest bit of open country to take it out of the mare, who had not done any work for a week, and was in a humor to take a good deal out of her rider. Edgar this morning felt as if he could conquer the wildest horse that ever was foaled—nay, the Prince of Darkness himself, had he been called upon to wrestle with him under an equine guise.

A hard gallop over a broad expanse of flat common, where the winter rime lay silver-white above the russet sward, cooled horse and rider; and after a long round by lane and wood, Edgar rode quietly back to Hawksyard between ten and eleven, just in time to find his mother seated at her breakfast, and wondering at her own dissipation.

After this unusually late breakfast, Mr. Turchill went to look at his horses—a regular thing on a non-hunting morning. "I took it out of the mare," he said, as Black Pearl stood reeking in her box, waiting to cool down before she was groomed.

"Indeed you have, sir," answered his head man, a faithful creature, but not ceremonious with a master he adored. "You don't mean hunting her to-morrow, I suppose?"

"Well, yes, I did. Don't you think she'll be fit?"

"I think you've pretty well whacked her out for the next week to come. She won't touch her corn."

"Poor old woman!" said Edgar, going into the box and fondling the beautiful black head. "Did we go too fast, my girl? It was as much your fault as mine, my beauty. I think we were both bewitched; but I must take the nonsense out of you, somehow, before you carry a lady."

"You didn't think of putting a lady on that mare, did you, sir?" asked the groom.

"Yes, I do. I think she'd carry a lady beautifully."

"So she would, sir; but she wouldn't carry the same lady twice. There'd be very little left of the lady when she'd done."

"Think so, Jarvey? Then we must find something better for the lady—something as safe as a house, and as handsome as—as paint," concluded Edgar, whose mind was not richly stocked with poetical similes. "If you hear of anything very perfect in the market, you can let me know."

"Yes, sir."

It seemed early in the day to think of buying a horse for a wife who was yet to be won; but, encouraged by those few words of Daphne's, Edgar saw all the future in so rosy a light that this morning, freshened and exhilarated by his long ride, he felt as secure of happiness as if the wedding bells were ringing their gay joy-peal over the flat green fields and winding waters. He was longing to see Daphne again, to win from her some confirmation of his hopes; and now as he moved about the poultry-yard and gardens he was counting the minutes which must pass before he could with decency present himself at South Hill.

It would not do for him to go there before luncheon. Everybody would be tired. Afternoon tea-time would perhaps be the more agreeable hour. It was a period of the day in which women always seemed to him more friendly and amiable than at any other time—content to lay aside the most enthralling book, or the newest passion in fancy-work, and to abandon themselves graciously to the mild pleasures of society.

The afternoon was so fine that he went on foot to pay his visit, glad to get rid of the time between luncheon and five o'clock in a leisurely six-mile walk. It was a delicious walk by meadow and copse and river-side, and although Edgar knew every inch of the way, he loved Nature in all her moods so well that the varying beauties of a frosty winter afternoon were as welcome to his eye and spirit as the lush loveliness of midsummer; and he was thinking of Daphne all the way, picturing her smile of greeting, feeling the thrilling touch of her hand, warm in his own.

Madoline or Sir Vernon would ask him to dinner, no doubt; and then, some time during the evening, he would be able to get Daphne all to himself in the conservatory, on the stairs, in the corridor. His heart and mind were so full of purpose that he felt what he had to say could be said briefly. He would ask her if she had not repented her cruelty that night in the walnut walk; if she had not found out that true love, even from a somewhat inferior kind of person, was worth having—a jewel not to be flung under the feet of swine. And then, and then, she would lift up those sweet eyes to his face, as she had done last night, and he would clasp her unreproved in his arms, and know himself utterly blessed. Life could hold no more delight. Death might come that moment and find him content to die.

It was dusk when he came to South Hill—a frosty twilight, with a crimson glow of sunlight low down in the gray sky, and happy robins chirruping in the plantations, where the purple rhododendrons flowered so luxuriously in spring-time, and where scarlet berries of holly and mountain-ash enlivened the dull dark greenery of winter. The house on the hill, with its many windows, some shining with fire-light from within, others reflecting the ruddier light in the sky, made a pleasant picture after a six-mile tramp through a somewhat lonely landscape. It looked a hospitable house—a house full of happy people, a house where a man might find a temporary haven from the cares of life. To Edgar's eye the fire-light shining from within was like a welcome.

"Miss Lawford at home?" he inquired.

"Not at home," answered the footman, with a decisive air.

Now there is something much more crushing in the manner of a footman when he tells you that his people are out than in that of the homelier parlor-maid who gives the same information. The girl would fain reconcile you to the blow; she sympathizes with you in your disappointment. Perhaps she offers you the somewhat futile consolation implied in the fact that her mistress has only just stepped out, or comforts you with the distant hope that your friend will be home to dinner. She would be glad if she could to lessen your regret. But the well-trained man-servant looks at you with the blank and stony gaze of a blind destiny. His voice is doom. Not at home, he says, curtly; and if, perchance, there be any expression in his face, it will be a veiled scorn, as who should say, "Not at home—to you."

But Edgar was in a mood not to be daunted by the most icy of menials—a Warwickshire bumpkin two years ago, but steeped to the lips in the languid insolence of May Fair to-day.

"Is Miss Daphne Lawford at home?" he asked.

The footman believed, with supreme indifference, as if the presence or absence of a younger daughter who was not an heiress were a question he could hardly stoop to contemplate, that Miss Daphne Lawford might possibly be found upon the premises, and he further condescended the information that Miss Lawford had driven to the Abbey with Mrs. Ferrers and Mr. Goring to see the improvements.

"I'll go and find her for myself," said Edgar, too eager to wait for forms and ceremonies. "I dare say she is in the morning-room."

He passed the servant, and went straight to the pretty room where he had been so much at home for the last ten years. There were no lamps or candles; Daphne was sitting alone in the fire-light, in one of those low roomy chairs which modern upholsterers delight in—sitting alone, with neither book nor work, and Fluff, the Maltese terrier, curled up in her lap.

Her eyelids were lowered, and Edgar approached her softly, thinking she was asleep; but at the sound of his footfall she looked up gently, gravely, without any surprise at his coming.

"I hope that you are better—quite well, in fact; that you have entirely recovered from your fatigue last night," he began, tenderly.

"I am quite well," she answered, almost angrily, and blushing crimson with vexation. "Pray don't make a fuss about it. Waltzing so long made me giddy. That was all."

Her snappish tone was a cruel change after her sweetness last night. Edgar's heart sank very low at this unexpected rebuff.

"You are all alone," he said, feebly.

"Unless you count Fluff and the squirrel, yes. But they are very good company," answered Daphne, brightening a little, and smiling at him with that provoking kindness, that easy friendliness, which always chilled his soul. It was so hopelessly unlike the feeling he wished to awaken.

"Madoline drove to the Abbey with Aunt Rhoda and Mr. Goring directly after luncheon. The new hot-houses are finished, I believe, at last. I have been horribly lazy. I only came down an hour ago."

"I am glad you were able to sleep," said Edgar. "It was more than I could do."

"I suppose nobody ever does sleep much after a ball," answered Daphne. "The music goes on repeating itself over and over again in one's brain, and one goes spinning round in a perpetual imaginary waltz. I was thinking all last night of Don Ramiro and Donna Clara."

"Friends of yours?" inquired Edgar.

Daphne's eyes sparkled at the question, but she did not laugh. She only looked at him with a compassionate smile.

"You have never read Heine?"

"Never. Is it interesting?"

"Heinrich Heine. He was a German poet, don't you know. As great a poet, almost, as Byron."

"Unhappily I don't read German."

"Oh, but some of his poetry has been translated. The translations are not much like the original, but still they are something."

"And who is Don—Ra—what's-his-name?" inquired Edgar, still very much in the dark.

"The hero of a ballad—an awful, ghastly, ghostly ballad, ever so much ghastlier than 'Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogene,' and the worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out, don't you know. He is dead, and she has jilted him and married somebody else; and he has promised her on the eve of her wedding that he will come to the wedding feast, and he comes and waltzes with her, and she doesn't know that he is dead, and she reproaches him for wearing a black cloak at her bridal, and she asks him why his cheeks are snow-white, and his hands ice-cold, and they go on whirling round all the time, the trumpets blowing and the drums beating, and to all she says he gives the same answer:

'Said I not that I would come?'

That awful ballad was in my mind all night, and when I did at last fall asleep, I dreamed I was at the ball again, and instead of Stratford Town-hall, we were in an old Gothic palace at Toledo, and—and—the person I was dancing with was Don Ramiro. His white dead face looked down at me, and all the people vanished, and we were dancing alone in the dark cold hall."

She shuddered at the recollection of her dream, clasping her hands before her face, as if to shut out some hideous sight.

"You ought not to read such poetry," said Edgar, deeply concerned. "How can people let you have such books?"

"Oh, there is no harm in the book. You know, I adore poetry. Directly I was able to write a German exercise, I got hold of Heine, and began to spell out his verses. They are so sweet, so mournful, so full of a patient despair."

"You have too much imagination," said Edgar. "You ought to read sober, solid prose."

"*Blair's Lectures, Sturm's Reflections, Locke on the Understanding*," retorted Daphne, laughing. "No; I like books that take me out of myself, and into another world."

"But if they only take you into charnel-houses, among ghosts and dead people, I don't see the advantage of that."

"Don't you? There are times when anything is better than one's own thoughts."

"Why should you shrink from thought?" asked Edgar, tenderly. "You can have nothing painful to remember or think about; unless," he added, seeing an opening, "you feel remorseful for having been so cruel to me."

He had drawn his chair close to hers in the fire-light—the ruddy, comfortable light, which folded them round like a rosy cloud. She sat far back in her downy nest, almost buried in its soft depths, her eyes gazing dreamily at the fire, her sunny hair glittering in the fitful light. If she had been looking him full in the face in broad day, Edgar Turchill could hardly have been so bold.

"I did feel very sorry, last night, when you were so good to me," she said, slowly.

"Good to you! Why, I did nothing."

"You are so loyal and good. I saw it all last night, as if your heart had suddenly been spread open before me like a book. I think I read you plainly last night for the first time. You are faithful and true; a gentleman to the core of your heart. All men ought to be like that; but they are not."

"You can have had very little experience of their short-comings," said Edgar, his heart glowing at her praise. And then, emboldened and yet full of fear, he hastened to take advantage of her humor. "If you can trust me, if you think me in the slightest measure worthy of these sweet words, which might be a much better man's crown of bliss, why will you not make me completely happy? I love you so truly, so dearly, that if to have an honest man for your slave can help to make your life pleasant, you had better take me. I know that I am not worthy of you, that you are as high above me in intellect and grace and beauty as the stars are in their mystery and splendor; but a more brilliant man might not be quite so ready to mould himself according to your will; to sink his own identity in yours; to be your very slave, in fact; to have no purpose except to obey you."

"Don't," cried Daphne. "If you were my husband, I should want you to make me obey. I am not such a fool as to want a slave."

"Let me be your husband; we can settle afterward who shall obey," pleaded Edgar, leaning with folded arms upon the broad elbow of her chair, trying to get as near her as her intrenched position would allow.

"I like you very much. After Madoline, there is no one I like better," faltered Daphne; "but I am not the least little bit in love with you. I suppose it is wrong to be so candid, but I want you to know the truth."

"If you like me well enough to marry me, I am content."

"Really and truly? Content to accept liking instead of love, confidence and frank straightforward friendship instead of sentimental romance?"

"I do not care a straw for romance. And to be liked and trusted—well, that is something. So long as there is no one else you have ever liked better—"

The face turned toward the fire quivered with the passing of a strong emotion, but Edgar could only see the thick ripples of golden hair making a wavy line above the delicate ear, and the perfect outline of the throat, rising out of its soft lace ruffle like the stem of a lily from among its leaves.

"Who else is there for me to like?" she asked, with a faint laugh.

"Then, dearest, I would rather have your liking than any other woman's love: and it shall go hard with me if liking do not grow to love before our lives are ended," said Edgar, clasping the hand that lay inert upon Fluff's silky back.

The Maltese resented the liberty by an ineffectual snap.

"Please don't—don't think it quite settled yet," cried Daphne, scared by this hand-clasp, which seemed like taking possession of her. "You must give me time to breathe—time to think. I want to be worthy of you, if I can—if—if—I am ever to be your wife. I want to be loyal—and honest—as you are."

"Only say that you will be my wife. I can trust you with the rest of my fate."

"Give me a few days—a few hours, at least—to consider."

"But why not to-day? Let it be to-day," he pleaded, passionately, his soul kindled at being so near the paradise it longed for.

"You must give me a little while," answered Daphne, smiling faintly at his impatience, which seemed to her something childish, she not being touched by the same passion, or inspired by the same hope—being, as it were, outside the circle of his thoughts. "If—if—you are very anxious to be answered, let it be to-day."

"Bless you, darling!"

"But don't be grateful in advance. The answer may be No."

"It must not. You would not break my heart a second time."

"Ah! then you contrived to mend it after the first breakage," retorted Daphne, laughing with something of her old mirth. "Madoline broke it first, and you patched it together, and made quite a good job of it, and then offered it to me. Well, if you really wish it, you shall have your answer to-night. I must speak to Lina first."

"I know she will be on my side."

"Tremendously. You will dine here, of course. And I suppose you will go away at about eleven o'clock. You know the window of my room?"

"Know it?" cried Edgar, who had lingered to gaze at that particular casement under every condition of sky and temperature—"know it? Did Romeo know Juliet's balcony?"

"Well, then, at ten minutes past eleven, look up at my window. If the answer be No, the shutters will be shut, and all dark. If the answer be Yes, the lamp shall be in the window."

"Oh, blessed light! I know the lamp will be there."

"And now no more of this nonsense," said Daphne, imperatively. "I am going to give you some tea."

"Put a dose of poison in it, and finish me off straight, if the lamp is not going to shine in your window."

"Absurd, man! Do you suppose I know any more than you what the answer is to be? We are the sport of Fate."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TENNESSEE'S REPUBLICAN GOVERNOR.

The Republican Governor of Tennessee, Hon. Alvin Hawkins, who was elected in November by a handsome plurality, is a Kentuckian by birth, and has just finished his fifty-ninth year. He was a farmer's boy, and the eldest of thirteen sons. While he was a little child, his father removed to Tennessee, where he died in 1851. After receiving a common-school education, which was acquired under very great disadvantages, he studied law, and in his twenty-second year was admitted to the bar. He located in Camden, where he entered on the practice of law in partnership with his cousin, the late Hon. Isaac R. Hawkins. In 1853 he was sent to the State Legislature, and in 1860 was a Presidential Elector on the Bell and Everett ticket. Governor Brownlow appointed him a Judge of the Supreme Court in 1865, and he held the position until the Constitution was changed in 1870. The Governor is an influential member of the Methodist Church, and was a lay delegate at the last General Conference at Cincinnati. He is a man of large figure and fine personal appearance. As a public speaker he has few superiors: his manner is forcible, logical, and convincing. His private character is unsullied, and his honesty beyond question.

MR. THEODORE THOMAS.

More specialists are found in Germany than in any other country. It was a German who devoted all his life to writing on the Greek article, and confessed on his death-bed that he had attempted too much; that he should have confined himself to the dative case. The leading Professor of Natural History at one of the large Prussian public schools made a national reputation by writing four large volumes on the lively little insect which is best called by its scientific name, *Pulex irritans*. He is proud of his work too; and the German juveniles who are under him prick up their ears whenever they hear the word "pulex," for they know they are listening to an expert on the subject. Yet, however comical these instances may seem, the Germans owe their reputation for thoroughness to their specialists; and when we find this thoroughness in persons of a practical turn of mind, we may look for fine results.

A great measure of Mr. Theodore Thomas's success is due to this union of industry and common-sense. The first he brought with him from Germany when he came here, a lad of ten years, in 1845, and he acquired the latter before he had been here very long. Early in his career he met the same difficulties that beset the path of every violinist who does not take rank with the great artists. He had to play wherever he could get an engagement—at concerts, theatres, and social gatherings; but his confidence and his ambition helped him to preserve his good-humor in the midst of a good deal that was uncongenial to his exalted musical tastes. In fact, he seems at times to have enjoyed the incongruity of his situation, for he can tell to-day, with a hearty laugh, how, when he played long ago in the orchestra of the old Broadway Theatre, at nine dollars a week, he used to hire a carriage every Monday morning, and drive down town in state to collect his salary.

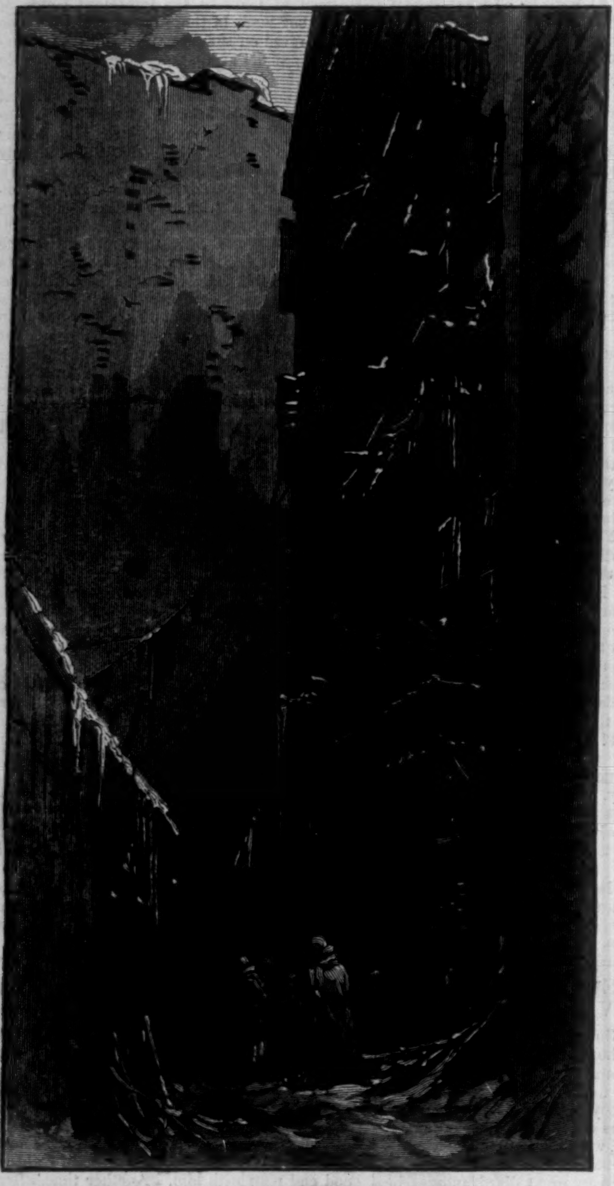
He was not, however, obliged to wait many years before he came into prominence. He soon performed at many of the important concerts, such as they were, in those days; and his name often appeared on the programmes of the musical entertainments at that magnificent "salle de concert," the City Assembly Rooms, and other places of amusement. In 1855 he was well enough known to be selected as the chief violinist of the remarkable series of chamber music soirées which were given at Dodworth's Academy by himself, Joseph Mosenthal (second violin), George Matzka (viola), Carl Bergmann (violoncello), and William Mason (piano). The programme of their first concert, on Tuesday, November 27, 1855, included Schubert's string quartette in D minor and Brahm's trio in B major. I give the date and other details because the concert deserves to be remembered as an event in the history of music in America, and because the character of the compositions performed shows the lofty aim of the musicians concerned. "The young and talented Thomas was evidently a little nervous," said one paper, speaking of the performance, and another critic wrote that the Schubert quartette, especially the *andante*, was deficient in melody. But notwithstanding discouragements of this kind, the concerts continued, and it is gratifying to know that the musicians who organized them lived to see the fine results of their devotion to their art.

Mr. Thomas's ambition, however, was to have an orchestra of his own, and to give concerts according to his own high standard. Before attempting this, he had already conducted with success operatic performances and other orchestras, notably those which played here with Thalberg and La Grange. It was not until 1866 that he organized the famous body of musicians with which he travelled through the country, but his efficiency as a leader was acknowledged by many who had attended his concerts at Irving Hall. A glance at the programmes he offered there shows how ready he has always been to bring before the public composers whose works conservatives are afraid to touch, and who must depend for recognition upon the labors of liberal and able musicians like Mr. Thomas. At his annual concert, May 9, 1863, he produced for the first time in America Berlioz's "Harold" symphony, and on the 3d of December, 1864, he inaugurated a series of symphony soirées, with a programme which included four selections from the same composer's "Romeo and Juliet" symphony. Besides these, he introduced many works which have since become part of the repertory of every prominent musical society in this country.

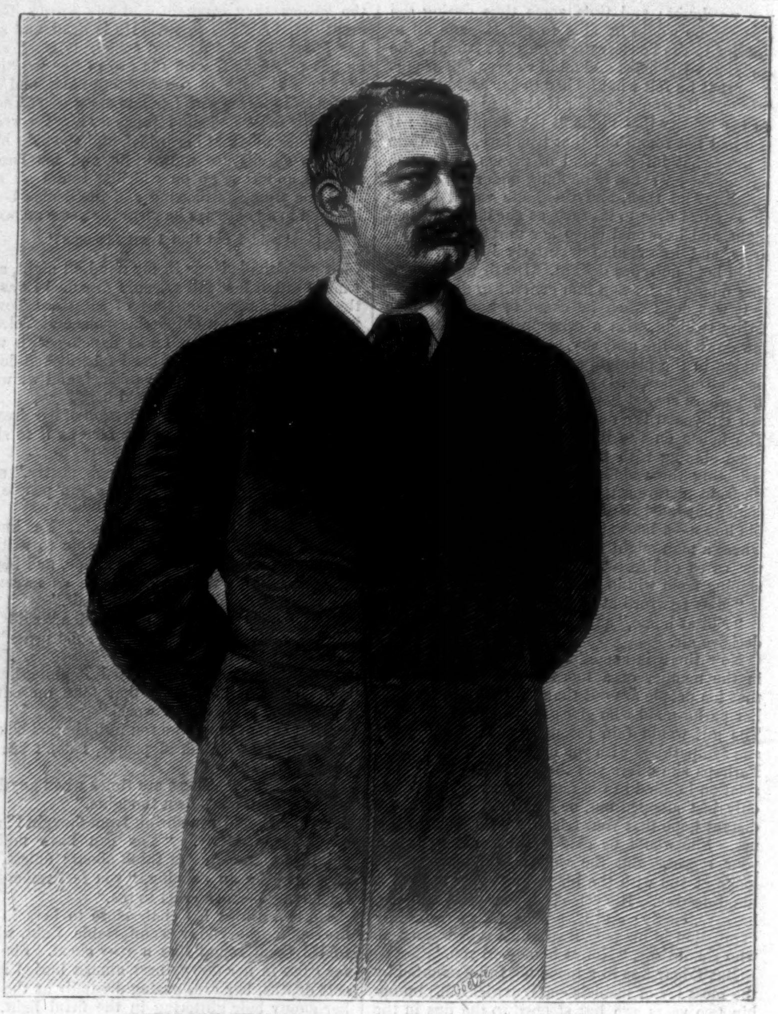
While travelling with his orchestra, Mr. Thomas experienced many comical incidents. It was his custom to write to the managers of halls in various towns, and ask if their buildings would accommodate his orchestra, and if it would be worth while for him to give concerts there. In reply to one of these letters, a manager wrote that his hall would suit, and that Mr. Thomas would do a very fine business if he brought two good end men with him. Another time, after a concert in a Southern city, one of the audience was asked how he liked the performance. He said he didn't know much about music, but that he thought the precision with which the second violinists turned over their pages one of the most remarkable things he had ever seen. When Mr. Thomas had to give concerts on successive evenings in towns that were at considerable distance from one another, he obliged his orchestra to pack their trunks immediately after the concerts, and the trunks were sent on ahead the same night. One morning when the musicians gathered at the railroad dépôt, it was noticed that one member of the orchestra was absent. The messenger who was dispatched for him returned without him, but with the explanation, "He is still in bed, and he can't get up: he has packed all his clothes in his trunk, and his trunk has gone." But a comprehensive account of Mr. Thomas's travels with his orchestra is far beyond the scope of this article. The history of music in many a town in the United States begins with his appearance there; and as for his work in New York, it can be said, without detracting from the value of the services rendered by the able men who preceded him as conductor of our Philharmonic Society, that New York is more indebted to the influence of Mr. Thomas's liberal views for her high position in the musical world than to any other orchestral leader. This influence came not only through his symphony concerts, but also from his performances at the Central Park Garden, which were, however, spoken of in the article on "Concert Gardens" in Harper's Weekly for September 4, 1880. Since the publication of that article Mr. Thomas has taken charge of the music at the Metropolitan Concert Hall, and is gradually bringing to it the old habitués of the Central Park Garden, as well as many new admirers. His experience in Cincinnati, his connection with the festivals there, and his welcome on his return to New York are too recent to need more than mention.

Theodore Thomas is to-day the most popular orchestral leader in this country. He has raised the Philharmonic Society, which was in its fourth year when he came to this country, to a position in which it compares favorably with the largest musical organizations abroad. Its programmes under his direction embrace every school of good music, from the old masters down to the most modern composers. He does his work earnestly, yet with so much tact that he is respected and beloved by all who play under him. Without being morbid, his interpretations never want sentiment where it is required; he wields his baton as gracefully as a finished violinist handles his bow, and without apparent physical exertion he makes his orchestra play with an enthusiasm which never fails to awaken a like spirit in the audience. He is now organizing a chorus with the aid of which he expects to make the Philharmonic cover a broader ground than ever before.

Gustav Kobbé



THE DEATH-TRAP IN MADISON STREET.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM. [SEE PAGE 55.]

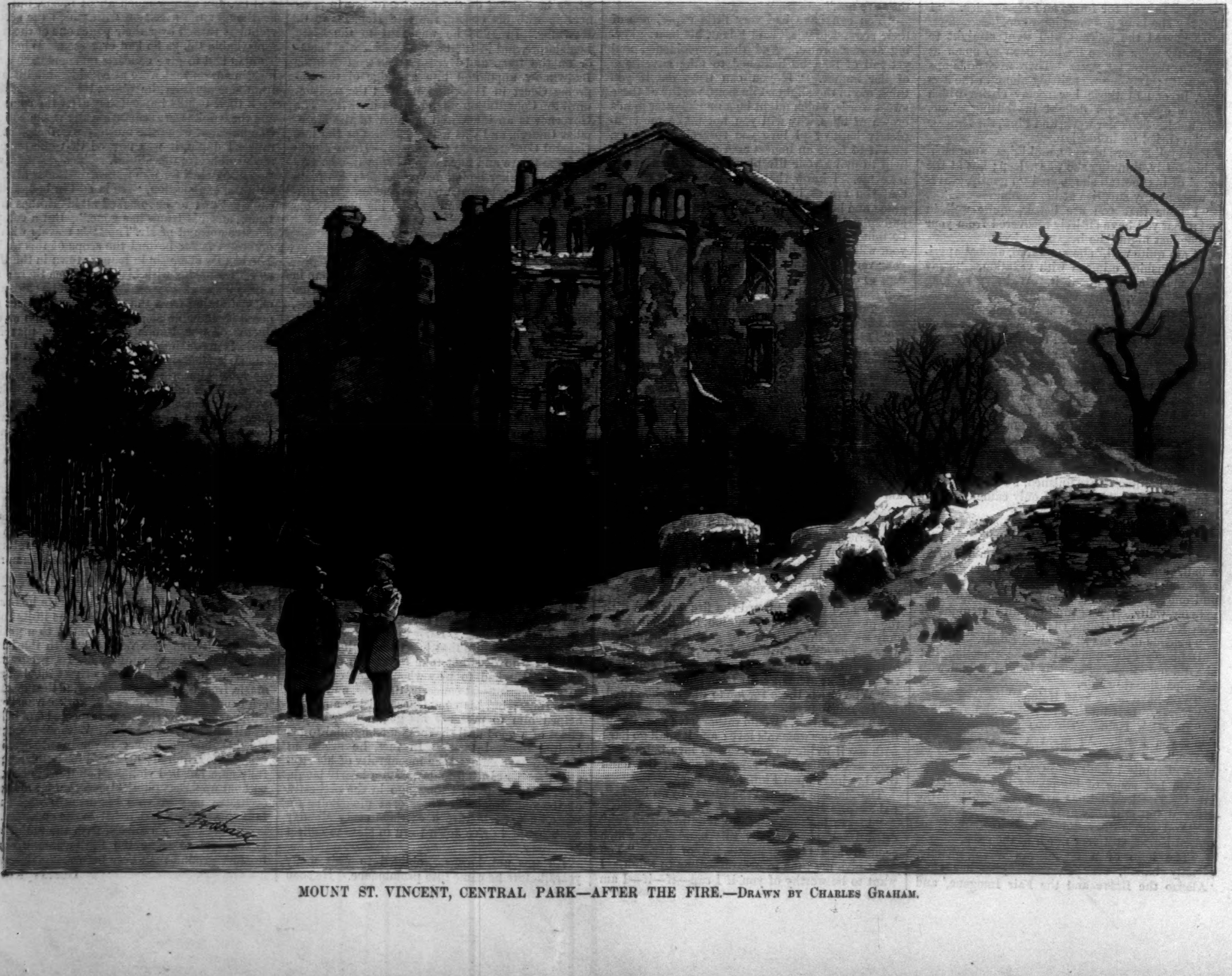


THEODORE THOMAS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY KURTZ.—[SEE PAGE 59.]

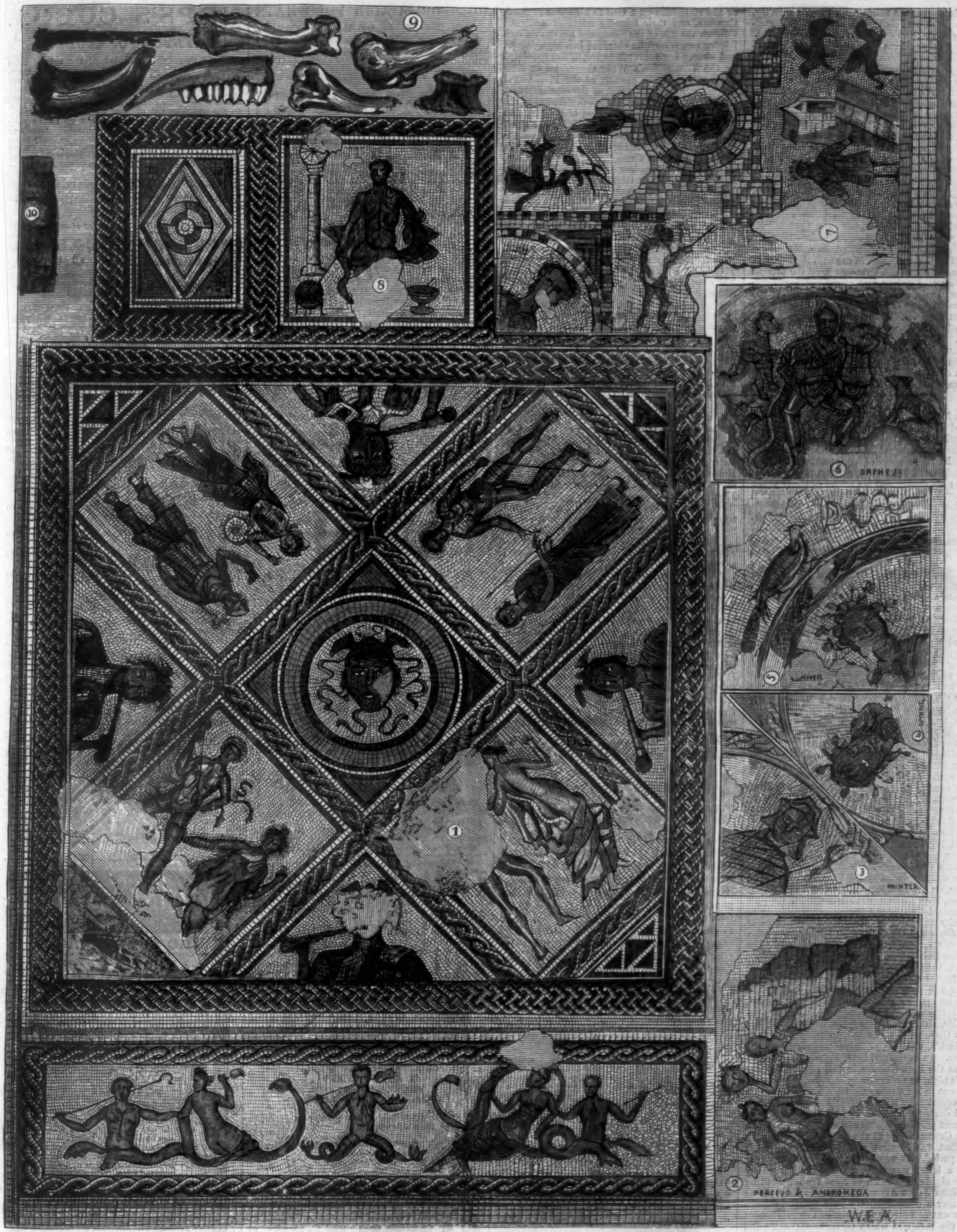
AN OLD LANDMARK GONE.

THE old building on Mount St. Vincent, in the northeast part of Central Park, which for many years has been used as a hotel and restaurant, was totally destroyed by fire on the morning of January 2. The wooden portion was very old, and burned like tinder, and the occupants had barely time to escape with a small quantity of clothing. In the rear was the art gallery, or museum, built of brick. On the south side of the art gallery was a fine hot-house, and on the north were the stables and sheds.

A part of the building used as the hotel was built more than a hundred years ago. It was the mansion of the McGOWEN estate, which included nearly all of what is now the northern part of the Park, and much of the adjoining property. The bluff was then known as Prospect Hill. Many years ago it was sold to the Sisters of Charity of Mount St. Vincent, and was occupied as a convent. Between 1840 and 1850 the Sisters began and completed the chapel, which originally had upon the eastern end a tower, afterward removed. When the Central Park was created, in 1857, by right of eminent domain the Park Commissioners came into possession of the property; but the convent continued to be used as such until 1860, when it was removed to a position about the same now, practically, in distance from the city—two miles this side of Yonkers, on the Hudson, where the Sisters occupy the EDWIN FORREST mansion. After they had vacated the convent, it was used for nearly a year by the Park Commissioners for their offices. Then it was unoccupied for nearly two years, but in 1863–64 was taken possession of by the Federal government, with the permission of the Commissioners, and used as a barracks for a regiment of artillery, and as a general recruiting station, and hospital for mild cases. In 1860 it was leased to STETSON & RADFORD as a hotel, they agreeing to pay a percentage of the proceeds to the Park Board. The hotel during that time became known as the "Stetson," and it has retained that title ever since. In 1866 it was leased to RYAN & RADFORD, who were in possession at the time of the fire.



MOUNT ST. VINCENT, CENTRAL PARK—AFTER THE FIRE.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.



1. The smallest section of the Reception-Room, east end. 2. Perseus and Andromeda. 3. One corner of the square in the western section of the Reception-Room—Winter. 4. Spring. 5. Summer. 6. Orpheus. 7. The first portion discovered. 8. The Astrologer. 9. Bones of the Dwarf Wild Ox (an extinct animal), piece of the horn of a Stag, and a Roman nail. 10. The foundation stones of the arch separating the two sections of the Reception-Room.

THE ROMAN VILLA NEAR BRADING, ISLE OF WIGHT.

THE ROMAN VILLA NEAR BRADING.

THIS villa, which has already proved itself to be of large dimensions, continues to attract the notice not only of antiquaries, but the public generally. Excavations are for a time suspended, but the remains already disclosed are daily visited by a large number of persons interested in the work. Up to the present time eighteen chambers have been thoroughly excavated, and the angles of the walls of a nineteenth have been discovered, in addition to which, walls in direct connection with the parts opened have been traced, which extend eastward a distance of between sixty and seventy feet. Walls have been likewise observed more to the southward of the present diggings. Notwithstanding the discovery of so many chambers, the main entrance to the building yet remains to be found, as also does the *atrium*, together with other important apartments.

The mosaic pavements of some of the rooms are remarkably fine, more especially the one in the largest room, which measures forty feet long by eighteen feet broad at the western end, and fifteen feet broad at the eastern end. In the largest part of the chamber the central portion is unfortunately destroyed, but the margins still remain. They represent Perseus and Andromeda, with the Four Seasons in the angles of the pavement, three of which only remain, but happily they are perfect, *i. e.*, Spring, Autumn, and Winter. Below is a figure of an astrologer, seated in front of a sun-dial, pointing with a wand to a globe, upon either side of which are geometrical figures. The lesser portion of this chamber may be styled the Medusa Room, from the fact of the head of Medusa occupying the centre of the pavement, supported by four large panels illustrating pastoral subjects of great beauty and fineness. In the angles are heads of bucolic figures wearing the *petasus* of Mercury, blowing the *buccina*, or neat-herd's horn. At the extreme eastern end of this chamber are groups of Tritons. All these figures are inclosed with the guilloche-pattern border, the margins being inch-sized red *tesseræ*. A portion of the fresco still adheres to the walls. At the western end of this room the *swastika*, or Vedic fire-stick cross, is clearly depicted upon the floor.

A stone subway has been discovered at a depth of four or five feet from the surface. This was probably connected with the flues for heating the chamber before described. Another pavement in a corridor represents Orpheus with his lyre, attended by various animals, such as the monkey, fox, peacock, and coot; the border is of the guilloche pattern; the colors are remarkably bright.

Many other rooms with simple floors of concrete have been found. One of the most interesting is a large hypocaust containing fifty-four pillars of tiles two and a half feet high; the tiles (the *tetradora* of VITRUVIUS and PLINY) are about eight inches square; they are cemented together with mortar in wide joints. Upon one side of the chamber is an arch turned in tiles of like character leading to an external furnace yet remaining to be explored. During the excavations a large quantity of worked stones, roofing tiles, flue tiles, Samian, Durobrivian, and coarse pottery, iron and bronze objects, and plate-glass for windows, have been collected. This last is a discovery of considerable interest; for although what is known in glass-making as pillar moulding was (after having been allowed a "patent" for many years) shown to be no recent invention, the fact that sheet glass, polished on one side and ground on the other, was in use with the ancients, appears to have been unknown until the present discoveries. Portions, also, of shallow trays formed from shale, and in design similar to our papier-maché trays in daily use, are also among the present novelties. There are also many bones of domestic animals, with a few fragments of human bones. The coins range from SEVERUS ALEXANDER (A.D. 221) up to CONSTANTIUS (A.D. 337), proving that the villa was occupied as late as the fourth century.

EPES SARGENT.

THE funeral services of EPES SARGENT were performed at his late residence at Boston Highlands on Sunday afternoon, the 2d of January, and his remains were interred in the Forest Hills Cemetery. In the presence of his immediate relatives and neighbors, hymns were sung, prayers were said by his pastor, and his friend of thirty years, the Rev. WILLIAM MOUNTFORD, paid a thoughtful and eloquent tribute to his memory.

EPES SARGENT was born in Gloucester, Massachusetts, on the 27th of September, 1813, the son of a merchant of that name, and of HANNAH DANE, the daughter of Dr. WILLIAM COFFIN, of the same town. His family removed, soon after his birth, to Boston, where he was prepared for Harvard College at the Public Latin School. In his youth he made a voyage with his father to Europe, remaining a while in Denmark and Russia. He was admitted Freshman in Harvard College; but having no inclination to law, medicine, or the pulpit, and a positive disinclination to some studies in the collegiate course, he decided to abandon it, and for several years devoted himself with diligence to such general literary pursuits as his own taste and judgment directed. The self-reliant habits thus early formed left their mark on his whole literary career. He was an industrious reader, but he did his own thinking, and never asked anybody to do it for him. His earliest poems appeared in the *Collegian*, a monthly journal published by under-graduates of Harvard College in 1830, of which his brother, JOHN O. SARGENT, was one of the editors.

His earliest journalistic connection was with the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, where he enjoyed the advantage of association with that careful and cultivated editor Mr. NATHAN HALE. While there, he wrote several poems for *The Token*, an annual illustrated with the best work of the painters and engravers of that period. In 1836, he wrote the *Bride of Genoa*, a poetical drama in five acts, produced at the Tremont Theatre, in Boston, on the 13th February, 1837, with decided success, Miss JOSEPHINE CLIFTON playing the part of Montaldo. It was subsequently produced in this city and in New Orleans, under the title of *The Genoese*, Miss CLIFTON and sometimes Miss CUSHMAN enacting the principal male part. In the November following the production of this drama, *Velasco* was put upon the Tremont stage in a liberal and effective manner by Mr. BARRY; ELLEN TREE, who was then in the zenith of her fame and genius, performed the part of Isidora. Mr. DAVENPORT played Ferdinand, King of Castile, Mr. MURDOCK represented Velasco, and Mr. JOHN GILBERT, now the accomplished veteran at Wallack's, was the effective personator of De Lerma. In December, 1838, *Velasco* was brought out at the Park Theatre, in this city, and an author's night was courteously accorded by the management to Mr. SARGENT. Isidora was played on this occasion by Miss ALEXINA FISHER, and afterward during the season by Mrs. SHAW, a woman of great personal beauty and an effective actress. Miss CUSHMAN played the page Carlos, a character that was admirably adapted to her style at that period. It was in the autumn of this year that a letter was addressed to Mr. SIMPSON by some eighty gentlemen of New York, headed by Mr. JOHN JACOB ASTOR, tendering to the veteran manager a complimentary benefit. The compliment was accepted, and a brilliant entertainment was the result, at which CHARLES MATHEWS and his wife, Miss CLIFTON, TYRONE POWER, HENRY PLACIDE, and JOHN FISHER performed snatches of the favorite parts; BROUGH sang "The song of the Wolf," and CARADORI ALLAN executed a brilliant scena from *Tancredi*. At the request of the committee, Mr. SARGENT wrote a poem for the occasion, of which the historian of the New York stage says that it was "delivered by Miss TREE in her happiest manner, and received on its conclusion the most overwhelming marks of approbation."

While engaged in these pursuits, Mr. SARGENT had been connected with the Boston *Atlas* as an editorial writer, and had passed a portion of several winters at Washington, where, by the favorable introduction of Mr. ABBOTT LAWRENCE and Mr. WEBSTER, he formed pleasant personal relations with Mr. CALHOUN, Mr. PRESTON, Mr. CLAY, and other eminent men. On the invitation of Mr. PRESTON, he accompanied that distinguished scholar and statesman on a visit to his home in South Carolina, and their friendly relations continued through the life of the Senator. Mr. CLAY'S confidence and regard he obtained in a high degree, and when, a few years afterward, he was requested by the Young Men's Whig Committee of New York to prepare a memoir of the Presidential candidate, for the purposes of the canvass, it resulted in what Mr. CLAY always declared to be the best and most authentic record of his life. At this period Mr. SARGENT was social in his habits, and a favorite in the best circles of the three cities in which he at different times resided. While in this city he was a member of the Union Club, and one of the founders of the New York Club. With the society that then flourished between the Battery and Bond Street he was a familiar and welcome guest.

After a residence of some years in New York, engaged in a variety of editorial labor, Mr. SARGENT returned permanently to Boston, where he married Miss WELD, of Roxbury, who survives him. Here for some six years he edited the *Evening Transcript*. Here he produced another tragedy, *The Priestess*, under the auspices again of his old manager Mr. BARRY. Here he published a volume of poems, a successful novel, and interested himself in a series of educational works, to the preparation of which he devoted much time and attention. During the last fifteen years Mr. SARGENT has been a sufferer from bronchial affections that have compelled him to pass much of his life in his study. But seclusion has not been with him an apology for idleness. He has been during that period one of the most laborious of men. His correspondence alone would have taxed the energies of an ordinary worker. His voluntary and gratuitous contributions to literary and philosophical journals would fill many volumes, and he has published many volumes on the subjects to which he has been especially devoted. His works on spiritualism have passed through several editions, and have been extensively read. His first work, *Velasco*, was published by the Brothers HARPER in 1838. After an interval of forty-two years, the Brothers HARPER will be the publishers of his last work, the result of many years of congenial labor, *The Cyclopædia of British and American Poetry*, which was completed about a month ago.

"In early life," says a writer in the *Gazette* of Boston, "Mr. SARGENT'S countenance was a singularly handsome one. His personal beauty was often a subject of remark at that time, especially in the eyes and brow, and the hair that curled over the latter, which were the ideal poet's features." His face was certainly one that artists took pleasure in reproducing on canvas. Portraits of him exist by OSGOOD, THOMPSON, CHARLES L. ELLIOTT, WILLARD, and other painters. Our engraving is of a photograph from a crayon by ALONZO HARTWELL, executed at a later period. The portrait by ELLIOTT was one in which that eminent artist took great pride and pleasure. It was well engraved for the Knickerbocker Gallery, and perhaps more nearly than any other represents the ideal referred to by the *Gazette*.

KITCHEN ECONOMY.

INTERESTING TESTS MADE BY THE GOVERNMENT CHEMIST.

(*N. Y. Tribune*, Dec. 17, 1880.)

DR. EDWARD G. LOVE, the present Analytical Chemist for the Indian Department of the Government, has recently made some interesting experiments as to the comparative value of baking powders. Dr. Love's tests were made to determine what brands are the most economical to use. And as their capacity lies in their leavening power, tests were directed solely to ascertain the available gas of each powder. Dr. Love's report gives the following:

"The prices at which baking powders are sold to consumers I find to be usually 50 cents per pound. I have therefore calculated their relative commercial values according to the volume of gas yielded on a basis of 50 cents cost per pound."

NAME OF THE BAKING POWDERS.	AVAILABLE GAS. CUBIC INCHES PER EACH OUNCE POWDER.	COMPARATIVE WORTH PER POUND.
"Royal" (cream tartar powder)	127.4	50 cts.
"Patapsco" (alum powder)	125.2	49 "
"Rumford's" (phosphate) fresh	122.5	48 "
" " old	32.7	13 "
"Hanford's None Such"	121.6	47¾ "
"Redhead's"	117.0	46 "
"Charm" (alum powder)	116.9	46 "
"Amazon" (alum powder)	111.9	44 "
"Cleveland's" (short weight ¾ oz.)	110.8	43 "
"Czar"	106.8	42 "
"Price's Cream"	102.6	40 "
"Lewis's" condensed	98.2	38½ "
"Andrews' Pearl"	93.2	36¼ "
"Hecker's Perfect"	92.5	36 "
Bulk Powder	80.5	30 "
Bulk Aerated Powder	75.0	29 "

NOTE.—"I regard all alum powders as very unwholesome. Phosphate and Tartaric Acid powders liberate their gas too freely in process of baking, or under varying climatic changes suffer deterioration."—[*Adv.*]

MANY curious pieces of Antique English and Dutch Silver, a large collection of genuine Sèvres, Vienna, and Dresden Porcelain, old miniatures on Ivory, and other rare Bric-a-Brac, on free exhibition and for sale by HOWARD & Co., Jewellers, No. 264 Fifth Avenue, corner of 29th Street, New York.—[*Com.*]

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
FOR ABUSE OF ALCOHOL.

JOHN P. WHEELER, M.D., of Hudson, N. Y., says: "I have given it with present decided benefit, in a case of innutrition of the brain from abuse of alcohol."—[*Com.*]

Help for the Great Army of Convalescents, who after an attack of disease, get so far back on the returning way to health and no farther. One of the most serious impediments which the medical profession has to encounter is the tendency in all diseases, whether acute or chronic, toward debility and loss of vital force. To meet this condition of low vitality, the Compound Oxygen, which acts directly on the great nervous centres, rendering them more efficient, vigorous, and active, and capable of generating more and more of the vital forces, which are *life and health*, offers an agent of help and restoration, which acts promptly and surely. Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, its Nature and Action, is sent free. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.—[*Com.*]

RIKER'S CREAM OF ROSES cannot be excelled, nor is it equalled, by any other preparation, either in purity, softness, or beauty of effect. One trial will convince the most sceptical of this *fact*. It is warranted free from lead, arsenic, corrosive sublimate, bismuth, chalk, magnesia, or *anything* harsh or injurious. It may be obtained at the reasonable price of 50 cents per bottle. WM. B. RIKER & SON, Druggists, 353 Sixth Avenue, New York, Sole Manufacturers.—[*Com.*]

ANGOSTURA BITTERS do not only distinguish themselves by their flavor and aromatic odor above all others generally used, but they are also a sure preventive for all diseases originating from the digestive organs. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS. J. W. HANCOX, Agent, 51 B'way, N.Y.—[*Com.*]

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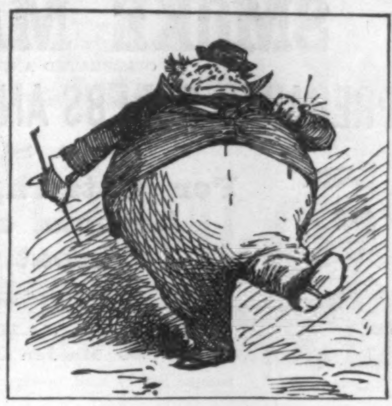

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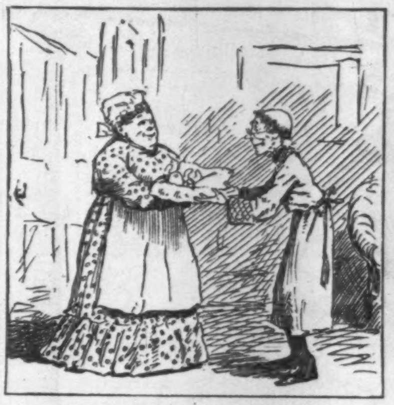

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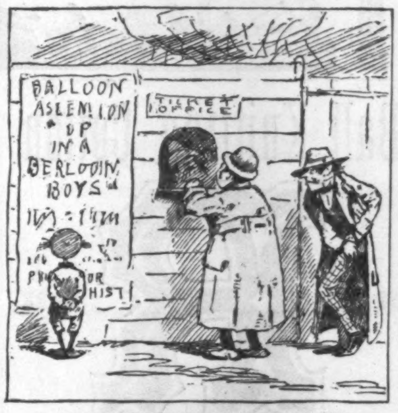
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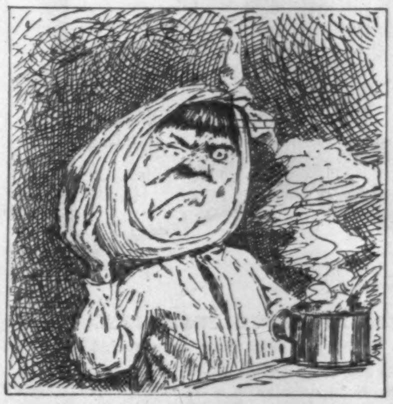

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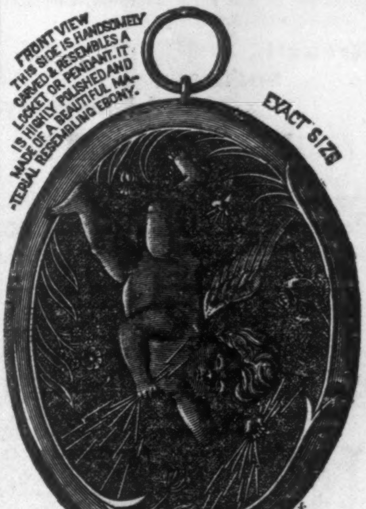
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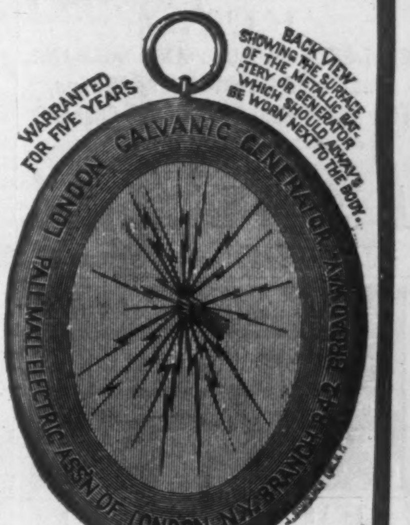
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